

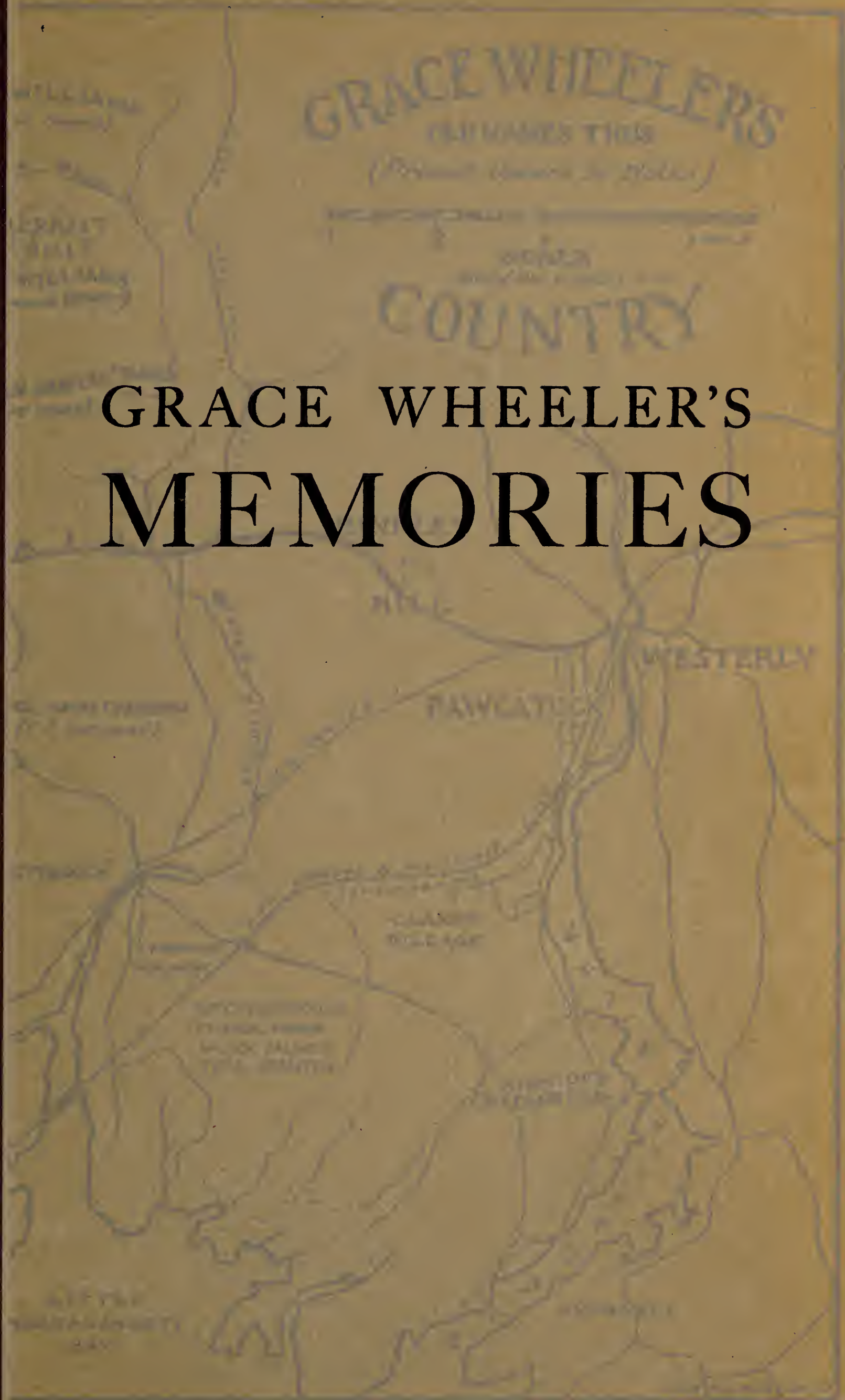
GRACE WHEELERS

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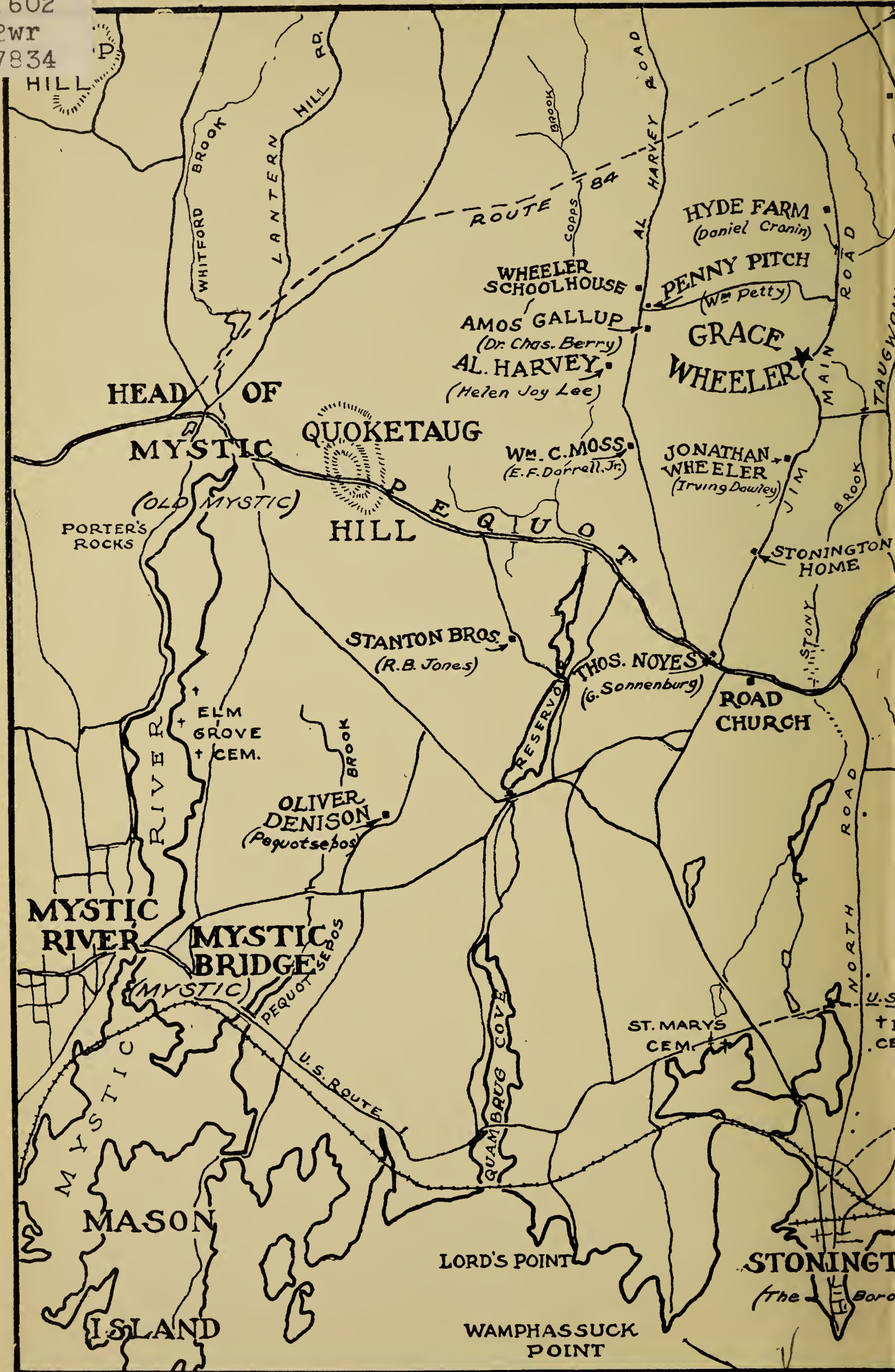
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COUNTRY

GRACE WHEELER'S MEMORIES



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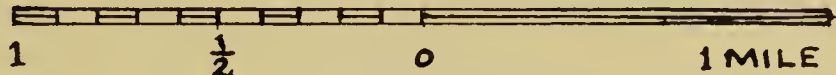


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GRACE WHEELER'S

OLD NAMES THUS

(Present Owners in Italics)



SCALE

MODERN ROADS ---

COUNTRY

MISS WILLIAMS
(Williams Haynes)

WHEELER BROOK

MERRITT
HILL

EN. WM WILLIAMS
(Fornsworth Wheeler)

LEMAN CHARLES DAVIS
(Stuart Webb)

ROAD
ANGUILLA
NORTH

HINKLEY

HILL

WESTERLY

PAWCATUCK

U.S. ROUTE 1

COL. AMOS CHESBRO
(F.J. Hollowell)

WEQUETEQUOCK

ANGUILLA BROOK

NEW LONDON & PROVIDENCE
(N.Y.N.H.&H.R.R.)

CLARK'S
VILLAGE

FOUNDERS
MONUMENT

WM CHESBROUGH
LT. THOS. MINOR
WALTER PALMER
THOS. STANTON

STANTON'S
TRADING POST

AVONDALE

LITTLE
NARRAGANSETT
BAY



GRACE DENISON WHEELER

GRACE WHEELER'S MEMORIES

Grace D. Wheeler



PEQUOT PRESS
STONINGTON, CONNECTICUT

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GRACE WHEELER'S
MEMORIES

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TO MY COUSIN
DR. IRA HART NOYES
OF PROVIDENCE

AND MY KINSMAN
ROBERT PERKINS
OF STONINGTON

*Fond memory for her duty true
Brings back these happy days to you.*

A Word to My Friends

HAVING JUST READ Winifred Welles' lovely story, *The Lost Landscape*, I am inspired to put down some recollections of my home and some events connected with my life. I have passed the eighty-ninth milestone here in the house where I was born, July 8, 1858, and where my father, his father, and my great grandfather were all born, lived, and died.

Since 1735 when this house was built, it has been twice remodelled from a story and a half into the present two stories and attic, with a big front door twice the width of an ordinary one. My father said he wanted the doorway wide enough so that his coffin could be carried through without taking out a window as he had seen done at some other houses. This old homestead has withstood the hurricane of 1938, though it received marks of that frightful afternoon and evening. Even with the two long, heavy ironing boards braced against it from the inside, the storm did snap off a portion of the bottom of our big front door.

This house, now grown old with age, where many loyal men and women have lived, has still an attraction for at least one of its descendants. I love its very doors and casements, while even the stepping stones, leading to the out buildings, bring to mind that when a child I thought that these very stones were so like maps of Asia, Africa, and even Florida that they must have been brought here from the places they resembled to remind us of them. The old California rose bushes are as prickly as ever and the few magenta blooms as sweet. The borders of box and sweetmary grow as ever, although not as abundantly as they did when I was young. The bushes of wild

flowers, bouncing bet, flowering quince, yellow bush, and the ancient bridal wreath still grow near at hand, while a vision is very bright of two little girls playing horseback on the top bar of a nearby gate, not wanting to be disturbed by a summons to come in, "Time to go to bed." One, my sister Em, says, "Why do we have to go to bed?"—a question that is never explained to her satisfaction.

An aura of glory is around the old house everywhere. What memories in our hearts are stirred, what hosts of recollections sweet, around those old stone steps we meet. The enormous stone steps before the south front door are in my mind's eye, where many an evening the family with friends sat and sang ballads and old-time songs, "Darling Nellie Gray," "Annie Laurie," "Lilly Dale," "Coming Through the Rye," "Home Sweet Home," and "Old Oaken Bucket." My father's favorite was the "Irish Lament," the first verse of which was:

I'm sitting on the stile, Mary, where we sat side by side
On that bright May morning long ago, when first you were my bride.

The old stones still radiate the sun's stored warmth just as comfortably as they used to do. It was on the front steps that my father taught me to count from one to ten in the Indian language. I am not sure of the spelling, but it went thus: nuckwit, nee, swee, yaw, paw, nuckwetunx, neesunk, swonx, possicock, piog. And on these stone steps we played a game on our fingers. A person held up both hands with fingers straight up, and another person would touch each finger and say:

Hinty, minty, cutey, corn; apple seed and briar thorn.
Wire, briar, limber, lock; three gray geese in one flock.
One flies East, one flies West, one flies over the cuckoo's nest.
One, two, three, out goes she; she is out and gone!

With that last word, that finger was turned down, and then all this rigmarole was said over again till every finger on each hand was turned down. All this required some time and would amuse us children, as I remember, and keep us still for a long time.

During my life I have seen many great changes—not all of them better—from the horse-and-buggy days, when I was a girl, to the airplanes of now, from hoopskirts to shorts-and-halters, and just as great changes, too, from cooking on the crane in the big open fireplace to the gas stove, and also in amusements and customs and manners, and even in the schools and our church. But there were two changes in particular which now we forget and take for granted that meant a great deal to me and to all who live back-country, and in bringing about both of them my father was prominent.

The original telephones were installed in Stonington in 1883, and in 1890 they were discontinued because there were only seventeen subscribers and so it did not pay the company. In 1899 a second installation was started and from that year on the Wheelers have never been without a phone.

It must have been just about this time, for rural free delivery was authorized by Congress in 1895, that Father and Em drove up and down all the highways and byways of the Road District, calling on our neighbors and getting them to sign up on a petition for free mail delivery in Stonington. The petition was successful and ever since then our letters from friends all over the world have come right to the mail box on the post by our driveway.

I kept a diary in the years 1933 and 1934 and wish now I had kept more, though in these pages there is not much of real consequence. We seemed to go to Westerly every other day and always attended church. I mention that our house was painted and that the new road past here was resurfaced. I recorded the deaths of Lucy Randall, formerly of Groton; of President Coolidge in 1933; of Lillian Gallup's husband, Henry Hawthorne; of Henry Sinclair, and also Gladys Sebastian's marriage in 1933 and the marriages of Will Palmer and Rev. Gurdon F. Bailey in 1934. The weather seemed to be always lovely or else below zero. Louise Noyes and Linda Wheeler came in often, and Agnes Peabody was here both summers. We had many callers, sometimes ten or fifteen were mentioned in a day.

May 31, 1933, Mrs. Henry Sinclair and I left for Hartford, going to Mrs. Hawthorne's in Groton for overnight, as she was to drive Mrs. Sinclair's car. We left next morning for Hartford and the following day went to Springfield where I stayed overnight with Mrs. George Tapley and her sister Maria Sheffield, formerly of Westerly. They were my mother's cousins, both old ladies over eighty and ninety, most lovely people. Next morning Will Tapley, the son, took me to Priscilla Johnson's in West Springfield where I spent the day and night. Parker Johnson, Jr., came with me next morning back to Mrs. Tapley's, where I was met by Will Gallup, who took me down to the car in which Mrs. Sinclair and Mrs. Hawthorne were driving back to Groton. We arrived at night and next morning they came with me to the Road Church for service and so I came home again.

I have always been greatly interested in telepathy and have known what it is to get thoughts and feelings from other people. Perhaps it helps when you care for people especially, although the first person that I can remember from whom I had a message was an utter stranger. In this way it came: somewhere I met a man selling spectacles. I tried on a pair and could see so well that I said I wanted them, and he said, "I will bring you a pair at your home sometime."

So I waited and waited some days, and then one morning I knew he was coming. I said aloud, "That man is coming today to bring me those spectacles," and sure enough he did. So that proved right.

Again, I had a friend in Providence and one day I "saw" him at the Providence steam-car station all ready to leave on a train. The next time we met I said to him, "Where did you go such a day on the steam cars?"

But he said, "How did you know I went anywhere?"

"Because I saw you all ready to leave," I replied.

He seemed to think I was drawing on my imagination and would not tell me where he went, though admitted he did go somewhere, and added, "If you saw me go, you should be able to know where I went." But that I could not tell, so I never knew. That proved itself.

Again when my young colored girl, Clarabelle Robinson, went from here to Norwich to work in Winifred Welles' family, I missed her very much as she had been with me many years. She had been away several months, when one night I was awakened crying. Tears were rolling down my cheeks, and I knew that Clarabelle was the one who was making me weep. I wondered what was the matter with her, so next day I wrote asking what was the trouble, and soon she replied that she had had a Portuguese girl friend who had died that night. She had been with her and she had felt very strongly that she wanted to see me. So that proved the reason for my tears. Many other times I have been awakened at night by tears caused by others.

Another time I was on the trolley on a genealogical trip to find the ancestors of a Mr. Isaac Brown who lived in Pennsylvania. It was in Rhode Island below Newport and I was looking out of the window enjoying myself when all of a sudden a great sadness came over my mind. After I returned home and saw the person who caused my sadness, I said, "What was the matter with you on such a day?"

"I was at the funeral of a friend," he replied, "and I was very sorrowful because of the death." So that proved the cause of my sadness.

When Dr. J. Beveridge Lee was minister of the Second Church in New London, he knew friends of mine in Old Mystic whom he saw occasionally and whom I saw quite often. One day I saw him (with my mind, not my eyes) visit them and not very long after I attended a meeting in New London where I met Dr. Lee, so I said to him, "When did you see our friends in Old Mystic?" He replied, "Last Wednesday."

"No," I said, "it was Thursday," and after thinking a moment he said, "Yes, it was Thursday, but how did you know?"

"I saw you there," I replied, "and I heard just what they said when you closed the door to come away," which I verified later. So that was proved.

Another time a friend who lived some distance away told me

(by mind, not by speech) that he was coming to my home some afternoon before long. One day I felt sure he was coming and in the afternoon began to look from the window to see him approaching. The afternoon wore away and he did not come, but I felt sure that he was somewhere near. It was a number of days before I knew why he did not get here. Mrs. Dixon, Matron at the Stonington Home, told me she had him talk with the old people there when he stopped to see her and them. He had stayed so long that it got rather late, and she told him she would take him home, which she did, so that was the reason I did not see him.

One morning a most joyous feeling came over my mind and I was happy because I knew where it came from, that some certain person was glad for some reason. Later I was told that a friend had called up from far away and that made this person so glad, and the brain wave came right up to me and so I knew it. That proved that.

Once at a religious service I spoke about other people's actions making us happy or unhappy or even their thoughts making us sad or glad, and at the close of the service a stranger spoke to me saying that he was glad I spoke as I did, for he had always felt that same way, but never had heard anybody else say such a thing before. At another religious meeting I talked with the minister who did not know me, nor I him, and I asked him if this knowledge was from the Devil. He said, "No, indeed, you ought to thank God, for it is a gift from Him." I was glad to know that, for the gift has caused me much happiness many times and sadness sometimes.

There is much in the universe now that is as mysterious to us as was the radio before we knew there was so much music in the air, till that wonderful invention brought it to our ears and minds. Perhaps the future may disclose what is now so mysterious in these brain waves, for that there are such waves I can testify.

As to romance—I have been in love with somebody all my life. First one and then another, and I have always endowed each and every one with a halo and all the virtues of the saints. But I have never


wanted to leave my home. Now looking back over my life, I think God did not want me to, either. I believe that God leads us, if we trust Him to do it, and that He will guide us into the paths He wants us to take. So I think He has guided me to stay here and do what He has appointed.

And now looking back over eighty-nine years what fine thoughts of bygone days and of ways so vitally different from those of the present throng the mind. And what good old stories fill memory's walls!

GRACE DENISON WHEELER

Maplelawn,
Stonington, Connecticut,
April fifteen, 1947.

My Home

ILL YOU COME WITH ME to the scene of my story in Stonington, in the very southeast corner of Connecticut, and view the land belonging to my ancestors since 1687? It was purchased then from Captain John Stanton and others by Isaac Wheeler, son of the pioneer Thomas Wheeler, and it has descended ever since in direct line up to the very present time.

Five and six hundred acres or more were often owned by one man and cultivated in several ways, as must needs be to provide for a family of the usual twelve to fifteen children, besides as many more Negro men and women. In the inventory of Thomas Wheeler (grandson of the pioneer) fifteen Negro slaves are mentioned by the various names of Quash, Juno, Cab, Caesar, Scipio, Hagar, Flora, Chloe, Phyllis, Pharaoh, and several others.

With all these mouths to feed plenty of land must be put under the old wooden plow so that many hundreds of bushels of Indian corn, beans, wheat, rye, oats, and barley should be raised for food; thousands of pounds of cheese and butter made, and great quantities of tallow prepared for the "dips," that the house might be lighted. There was flax and hemp to be sowed and afterwards made into punnels in the swingle, or left in the bundle, not cleansed, in preparation for spinning, weaving, and making the cloth for all the large family. On the land in summer grazed many cattle and a horse for every son and daughter, for this same inventory mentions 108 neat cattle, 184 sheep, 125 swine, and 23 horses. Farming was then carried on by many on a large scale, and it must have taken much forethought and care to maintain these large households.

The mowing of the grassland was one of the pleasant features of those days. Eight or ten men, dressed in light, linen garments, with rifle and scythe that had been given a vigorous sharpening earlier in the morning on the old grindstone which stood under the apple tree by the well, started forth to cut a large field of clover or timothy. Then there were no mowing machines to quicken the labor and an all-day's work was before them. Each man stood next his neighbor, and after a few quick, sure strokes of steady swing together to choose who would lead the field, the ablest was given the right of way to go ahead and keep ahead. An occasional break in the rhythm of sweeping scythe and falling grass came with the order for whetting scythes when all rested on the end of the wooden handle while the whiffle-whaffle of their rifles against the scythe-blades sounded clear on the morning air. Again they would bend forward, for with sharpened scythes the sweet-scented clover would quickly fall at their feet, and with hats pushed back and brows reddened with heat they pressed on to reach the end of the field and turn about till the work was completed. Often a thirsty one, who was usually somewhat of a laggard, would betake himself to the friendly shade of a tree to drink from the old brown jug, which in mowing time always contained something stronger than water.

Many acres of this land were then covered with trees, "sentinels to guard enchanted ground." Much wood must be cut and hauled to the house by the strong and patient oxen. Load after load was left at the woodpile to be sawed at odd moments into eight-foot lengths for use in the many fireplaces, those deep caverns which devoured so many cords of good, hard hickory before the extreme sides of the room were sufficiently heated to be even comfortable. The quantity of firewood consumed in the winter season was enormous, for the sharp currents of air, which found easy access through the building, must be overcome. Even in the summer the fire was by no means small, for all day there was cooking in the open fireplace and at twilight the family gathered about it, while through the open windows and doors

came the cry of the frog from the lowland, the screech of the owl, and the plaintive note of the whip-o-will sounding at regular intervals through the house.

When we come indoors, we find that in those early days the rooms were wonderfully decorated. The plaster in our west room was yellow, and had stencilled right on the plaster an eight-inch border with large figures at even intervals all over the walls, looking like nothing so much as red and green spiders. Unusual in Stonington, painted on the plastered wall in the front hall appeared the life-sized, framed portrait of a young lady, perhaps twenty years of age, her hair in flattened spit curls about her forehead, and her short, narrow red dress above her dainty black slippers with shiny buckles. She was not known to any of us, not even to my father, who seemed to know about everybody by sight or reputation, but perhaps she was a relative. My sister Em said she looked more like me than anyone she knew. The portrait was obliterated over fifty years ago. Actually I saw her only once, as these old, high, front-hall walls have been newly papered twice and I was away when last the paper came off. She should have been restored so that others could have seen her and wondered as to her story and how she was related to the present generation of Wheelers.

All the rooms here are filled with memories of those who have lived in them, especially the chambers upstairs where, in each stood two, big, corded, valanced, four-poster bedsteads, made of beautifully gnarled maple with big, round balls on the posts. I remember once when Ben Cook, a cousin, was about eight, he was here playing hide-and-seek and he lifted the lower valance which hung around all four sides of these beds and crawled under, making it a good hiding place from his pursuer. The frame was so low that he had to be drawn out from his refuge by the heels much to his boyish chagrin.

We had a canopy or high post bedstead with its tester holding the "copy plate" or French calico, or the white dimity curtains bordered with fringe, and a white coverlet, partially hiding the great

height of feather beds piled thereon. When one fell sick these feathery depths were invaded by a warming pan filled with red-hot coals, and after heating the flannel sheets thoroughly the patient was safely tucked away to enjoy a good night's rest and rise refreshed in body and mind.

My great grandfather's house, built 1735, was enlarged in 1787 from the original two-story single house with gabled roof into a large double one by adding the west half. The chimney at its base is sixteen feet square, and four feet square at the roof, while the rafters, that are forty-four feet long and eight inches square, rest on two white oak plates, which can now be plainly seen in the garret.

That garret is a large room, the size of the whole house, the chimney in the center reaching through the roof. Here we loved to play when we were little, running around the chimney without the trouble of opening and shutting doors. It contained many curious and wonderful things, and when every play was worn out, it was always, "Let's go up garret," and up garret we went turning everything upside down. When I was twelve years old I wrote a composition telling all about the treasures we found in the garret.

On one side is an old loom formerly used in making carpets and woollen goods, but which has stood useless for years. This we make into a carriage and horse. Behind this is a long, narrow cradle of great antiquity, dating back I don't know how many years, the footboard is out and we use this for a cupboard. Beside this is an old chest which contains various articles too numerous to mention. In another place are some bins in which grain or apples used to be stored. They were brought up to the garret by tackles. The budget or bundle was done up as small as possible, then raised to a window in the garret from the outside and taken into the room and put in these bins. Then we used to play hide-and-seek and get into these to hide. Besides these are spinning wheels and many other articles used in olden times for making cloth. Near the chimney are a pair of stairs which lead to a door in the roof, called a trap door, where we go to look for the sheep and other animals when they were lost, and we generally saw them from there and would go and get them. In another place is an old cradle which was formerly used for cutting

down grain. This we were rather afraid of and so it does not hold a very prominent place here. In another corner I see a pair of brass andirons, some old chairs, a trunk, and several other articles. I believe I have nearly reached the stairs and going down we find at the bottom a tall, old-fashioned grandfather's clock which stands there, nearly every wheel broken, its face gone, and very much dilapidated in its joints. We turn from this and opening the door find ourselves out of our garret.

Now when I am more than seven times twelve I can see other things than I then did in this garret. That old grandfather's clock was finally brought up to the attic, and Em and I took out the various wooden wheels of its works and rolled them around on the floor. It should have been renovated before our destroying hands were ever near, as I have always wanted an old tall clock. The large, original front door, with its iron latch and knocker, reposed at full length upon the attic floor, while wheels both large and small for spinning, with reels, quill wheels, swifts, cards, and bobbins piled up beside them, were pushed back amid the dim shadows under the eaves. The cradle and sickle, for reaping the grain, hung on the cross beams, while old-time astral lamps and pewter articles are pushed back under the eaves.

There were also big chests, deep and broad, in one of which was stored beautiful china and glass, whose cover was heavy for us to lift. Once it was up we looked in and then would let it go down with a bang and laugh to hear the rattle of breaking antique glass and china. To us then that was one of the delights of the garret. Out of that deep chest was later taken a string of oblong buttons, black as could be, but after the finder, John Palmer, had rubbed them on his high leather boot, they were found to be silver. They had been worn during the Revolutionary War on Em's grandfather's, Stephen Avery's coat.

In another old chest was some home-grown flax, old leather, old sieves, lanterns, foot warmers, and gourds, all quite heavy for childish hands so these were not despoiled as the others were. An immense

hair covered trunk was filled with household goods of old-fashioned style and colors, covered with newspapers to keep out the moths. The huge hogshead, which my father said must have been put in there before the sides of the house were fastened, as no window or door was large enough to have taken it in, was stationed in one corner where it stands even yet, after many years. We never knew what the hogshead was used for, possibly to store grain, or flax, or salt meat. Much of all this has now been sold to antique hunters as many have been here. Some have rushed upstairs before they were told that they might go, so great was their desire for old-fashioned things. I once sold two wonderful antique chairs to a Norwich dealer for a dollar each. I think now I was foolish, but then, we had so many chairs about that it seemed sensible to make a place for something else.

In 1760 the cellar of this house was used for a weave-shop, and young apprentices came and were regularly indentured by a written contract, to learn the trade of weaving cloth. Tanning leather was also engaged in here in vats made from chestnut logs that were imbedded in the ground, where the skins were prepared by the tannic acid which would render them firm and durable for saddles, pillions, boots, and shoes. The apprentices remained here till they were twenty-one, and when their "time was up," they departed, taking with them as pay for their services during their stay a suit of new clothes and a good horse, which was always given as a start in life.

Life in those days embraced work of many different kinds, as so much of what is now done by specialists or machines was then all done by the family. Then the shoes had to be made. The cobbler came, bringing his pegs, lasts, and bench (or he used one which the family had improvised for their occasional mending). He would stay for a week or more till the old shoes were repaired and the new ones made for all the household on wooden lasts which sometimes the family owned. The garments, both woolen and linen, were made by hand from the wool cut from the sheep's back to the finished gown for the fair Priscilla, or from linen which was then used for under as well as

outer garments more commonly than cotton, which was quite expensive. Much time was expended in the preparation of these linen garments from the first sowing of the flaxseed by hand in May until its full growth to two and one-half feet in September, when it was pulled up by hand, gathered into small bundles, taken into the barn and when thoroughly cured and dried, separated into smaller bundles and kept till the middle of October. Then the stalks were dry and tender, easily broken, and these were bound up into little bundles, which by a device called a brake were swingled and put through a hetchel (a board filled with long, sharp, iron needles). This removed the swingled tow or stalk, leaving the linen fiber ready for spinning on the little linen wheel, used for the finer articles of clothing. The tow then was spun on the large, wooden wheel and made into the coarser goods. In the spring these were spread on the ground and many a vigorous sprinkling of water given in windy March days to assist the elements in whitening them for the use of the wearers. But hard and prickly they often remained.

In those days came the tailor and seamstress to cut and make clothing for both men and women and also to enjoy a little friendly, neighborhood gossip of an evening in the long north kitchen by the cheerful fireplace. The ruddy glow and purple smoke steadily ascending up the wide throat of the chimney, would suddenly burst forth into brilliant blaze, illumining every corner of the big room, which before had been only dimly lighted by two or three tallow candles, whose flickering lights grew dimmer as the wicks grew longer, throwing weird shadows on the wall.

These old kitchens were a model of neatness in the summertime with their sanded floors and scoured wooden tables and dresser; but in the winter season they were well filled with things which to this generation would seem most strange. String after string of dried apples were hung in fancy drapery by the fireplace. Bunches of sweet corn tied together, surrounded by their husks, white and rustling against each other, hung from nails driven into the heavy oak posts

in the corners and sides of the room. Mother always had herbs hanging to dry, and used them to cook as well as medicinally and for fragrance among our linens. From the summer beams overhead, which were much lower than the ceiling, were little hooks, from which were suspended beef and pork hams, slowly drying and curing by the heat and smoke of the room. On the floor stood large stone jars of apple jack and apple butter and jugs of boiled-down cider with large glass demijohns of homemade grape and elderberry wine, all omens of hospitality and good cheer. On the north side of the room was the narrow, heavy table where at mealtime the elders sat, while the children stood by their sides, eating their pewter porringerful of bread and milk or hasty pudding. On the side of the table under the windows was the narrow board seat, where ten or a dozen people could sit at mealtime. Near at hand was the salt box, while by the door hung a heavy conch shell, which required strong lungs to blow the call when dinner was ready.

On the well-laden table we find, among other dishes, a large johnny cake, which had been baked before the fire. It was made from corn-meal stirred thick with boiling water and patted onto a board, similar to the center piece of the head of a barrel. After some cream had been poured over this surface of dough, it was carefully lowered till it rested at an angle of 45 degrees, supported by a flat iron, or by a wooden handle at the back of the board, before the blazing fire of eight-foot logs. After some time of steady baking, the cake became a crisp, golden brown. Then the process of turning it was entrusted to hands accustomed to this work, for woe to the one who undertook this task for the first time. A broad knife must be used to loosen the underside of the dough, and then with gentle shove and push, it slid quickly off the smooth, hot surface (sometimes into the ashes), but with a dexterous turn of the hand and the board it was again reposing before the fire to brown its other side. It was a great temptation to the children gathered about to break off a piece of its crispy, toothsome crust, knowing that soon the spot would be again

browned over. He who has not eaten one of these johnny cakes has yet a treat in store for him.

In the fireplace was the iron crane from which hung three or four pot hooks, which held various shaped kettles and pots from which came forth savory smells, appetizing and delicious. On account of the distance from the fire and the length of the handle which must be used to manage the utensils, cooking was indeed a trial of strength and patience.

The metal baker before the fire was full of good things to eat. Sometimes the spit was called into use when a turkey was roasted in the tin oven, the turning and browning of which was a labor requiring judgment and patience, with many a look through the little door that opened out of the oven, and an occasional turn of the spit, until the turkey was a beautiful brown all over. It was well that Chloe, Phyllis, or Hagar could answer to the mistress's call and lend a hand when so much needed to be done to cook one meal for our ancestors. I can remember when the black iron stove was installed. It was so great an improvement in both cooking and heating that we closed up the big fireplace when mother took to the stove.

Before the new ell was added to the house, there was a small lean-to on the north side, adjoining the big kitchen, now the dining room. It consisted of one room, called the cheese room, and had only one window. The barrel of white flour was there and mother made biscuits and bread and cake in there. A narrow passage ran to the west which ended with a Dutch door, the upper part of which opened, while the lower half was latched. On this lower half I used to climb and swing back and forth by turning the button which held it closed, and it was great fun. I called it "riding horseback."

Another passage-way ran from the kitchen to the north, where we went to the well to pump water for the house. This outer door was closed by a heavy wooden latch and handle and a strong cord to pull the latch up and down, so releasing the door which would then open. Hence the old saying, "The latch string is out."

The exterior of this old house was covered with shingles, brown with age and the elements. To the south side clung a climbing rose vine, full of single crimson roses in June. The big front door, with its iron knocker and latch, was in the center of this side, and leading up to it were three broad stone steps, while upon the other side of them grew little patches of Roving Charlie, a bush of white roses, whose centers were colored like pink sea shells. Further on was a little clump of sweetmary and a border of rank bouncing bet that grew in great profusion all about the grounds. A long line of lilacs was on the west side and the old well at the north was surrounded with row after row of large, flat stepping stones for those who in many walks during the day carried water to the house.

The lower well is fed by a spring that has never run dry. Once when something fell into it, my father attempted to have it pumped dry, but the water ran in faster than it could be pumped out, and it finally cleaned itself. Father had a stone curb built around it, and because I liked them, had a well sweep and bucket put there. The sweep is gone now but the water is as pure as it ever was. The well by the side door was driven in 1905, and I think it tapped the same water source that feeds the old lower well.

Stories told about the long-ago dwellers in this house are both romantic and patriotic. The southwest meadow was always called the "Alarm Field," as the men of this household were working there when Benedict Arnold attacked New London and there they heard the signal across country. Once a maiden dwelt here who was engaged to marry a young man who fell at the battle of Groton Heights, only a few days before the appointed time for their wedding.

Another daughter of this house, having an offer of marriage from a widower, was rather uncertain as to her decision. She asked advice of Aunt Polly, Mary Hewitt Wheeler, who for various reasons tried to dissuade her from accepting him. But the young lady turned the decision on a matter of preordination, in which Aunt Polly was a firm believer, saying, "I believe it was foreordained for me to marry

this man and I should like to know how I can get rid of it." She showed her faith in divine destiny by her works, for she married her widower and lived happily ever afterwards.

This week a lady was here from Westerly and noticed the large white Parian marble vases on our sitting-room shelf. I told her their history, and she said "You ought to tell that in your book," so I will.

My great grandmother, Martha Williams, who married Oliver Denison, had a brother, Elam Williams, born in 1773, who went to New York, as he was what then was called cabinet maker, meaning furniture maker. He married at the age of twenty-four Katherine Bogart. She later died, leaving one daughter who married a man by name of Waterhouse. I called upon her once in New York, but did not see her as she was out. Elam married again, Abbie Weed, and again Eliza Ten Eyck, and I have heard that they both left him. Anyway, I know the third wife went away and he felt very badly about it. He went to a famous lawyer, Frederick Vanderpool, to get advice. Mr. Vanderpool's daughter Deborah, aged sixteen, was studying her school lessons in his office and of course she heard all the conversation. Evidently it touched her heart, for when Mr. Williams had finished telling her father his trouble, she jumped up and said, "Get rid of that woman, Mr. Williams, and I will marry you." Which she did.

Elam Williams was much older than Deborah, but they lived very happily and she was most loyal to all his people. Whenever any of us went to New York we always went to see Aunt Deb, as she was called, and she used to send oranges and many good things to my grandmother. When Em and I were in New York in April 1881, we stayed with her several days, and she was delightful, though then over eighty. Her hair was snow white and she wore very pretty caps. As a matter of fact she sent Em out to buy her some lace and ribbons to make one for a reception we attended. She would say, "Your Uncle Elam's little finger was worth more to me than all the thirty offers of marriage I had after his death." She never remarried, but she was quite a business woman, and dealt in real estate and made money.

Aunt Deb had her own bed sent up to Mystic when she visited at Oliver Denison's summers. It was made by Elam when he was a young man and has a rolled headboard and footboard. It can still be seen in the old Denison house, Pequotsepos. She gave these white Parian marble vases to my Aunt Hannah Noyes, my mother's sister, about ninety years ago, and after her death they came to my mother and then to me, and I love to tell their romantic history.

At the time of the hurricane in 1938, our place was not as badly damaged as many others, but the wind did take down two of the enormous maple trees before the house and damaged all the others so that they have never looked as handsome as they were before. These trees are now nearly ninety years old as they were planted here the May before I was born in July, 1858. During the storm shingles were blown off the roof of the house and a great deal of the covering off the barn and shed.

Em had been sick, and when the wind became uncommonly noisy, I persuaded her to lie down in my bedroom, on the west side of the dining room, which was more protected, the early blasts coming from the east. She seemed not to realize the enormity of the storm.

During the afternoon a window blew out in the east room, and I found many of my newspaper clippings blowing about like leaves, whirling toward the fireplace and a few even went up into the chimney. I gathered all the loose things I could lay my hands on and stuffed them into drawers as well as I could. Seth helped me put a cardboard securely over the broken window. We didn't suffer for lack of electricity as we already were used to using lamps and the kitchen range. Outside the back door stands a bark-stripped, weather-beaten stump which at any time I could have pushed over with a finger. We hung our dish driers on it for years. It never stirred during the big blow and still holds that small laundry.

The next morning Mrs. Williams Haynes and her friend, Mrs. Katherine Church, walked over to see how we had fared. Her little

girls, Rhoda and Helen, were with her and the two Church children, Sally and Sammy, Jr. From them we learned the North Road to the Borough and the Hinckley Hill Road to Westerly were still blocked by fallen trees. They had come down the Taugwonk Road to the Pequot Trail, across and up our road to get to see us. Mrs. Haynes told of the loss of all the beautiful maple trees round her home and how one had crashed into the roof, and that the roof was off the Billings' house which the Stuart Webbs had just bought, but that the famous old Whitfield elm in front of Dr. Roy Miner's house was still standing. They hoped to be able to get through to North Stonington or even possibly to Norwich, which they did, to get supplies and offered to get us some, too.

In the afternoon, Seth, Em, and I took a ride by car through Flanders and several nearby woody roads, but had to stop and turn about many times as trees were down across so many roads. The forest was an awesome sight to behold, where the storm had twisted and whirled the big trees and underbrush together in a mass of unthinkable wreckage. At last we drove through to Westerly on the Post Road, and on Elm Street the large, handsome trees there were laid low, between the houses, as regularly as if some hand had placed them there, without damaging the buildings. It had been a hundred years since our vicinity had been visited by such a catastrophe, and I hoped that it will be many years before another such storm comes again.


Fond recollections of former residents of this old home have been prompted by letters of dignity and great mutual respect which are stored away in leather and hair-covered trunks, written in that tone of deference peculiar to those generations. To all those who cultivated this ancestral farm, Pope's lines apply:

Happy the man whose wish and care
A few paternal acres bound,
Content to breathe his native air
In his own ground,

Whose herds with milk, whose fields with bread,
Whose flocks supply him with attire,
Whose trees in summer yield him shade,
In winter, fire.

It has always seemed to me that these two verses not only recall most vividly the olden days on a farm, but also express the feelings of one who lives in an old house, the home of his ancestors.

Father and Mother

HAT WORDS IN OUR LANGUAGE can compare with Home, Father, and Mother? Everything lovely and good, to me, is wrapped up in those three words. My life from the start has been one long, happy time, for Father and Mother were in accord on all essential things, especially religion, and they believed in God and in His guidance through life.

In stature Father was over six feet tall and large, weighing over two hundred pounds, and like most big people he was jolly, happy and full of stories. He had had dark red, very curly hair, but it turned white when he was quite young, with the clear, very pink complexion that accompanies red hair, and he kept the pinkness in his cheeks all his life. He could not sing at all, but was unusually fond of music and singing. In later life he had trouble with his throat and grew a heavy, curly beard which he considered protected him from colds. His personality attracted children, and many of them shared his horse and buggy when he drove about town. The bits of history he told them they recalled vividly in later life. Words cannot portray his endearing qualities.

My mother—what can I say to express my feelings for her? She was slight and taller than I am. Her eyes were very blue and her hair was very dark brown. She was quiet and carried herself with great dignity. I never got any of it and my father always said I took after his side of the family. Mother had more than ordinary executive ability in her household. Used to a large family in her early home, and later here, she could cope with any situation. She was the oldest child in a family of one sister and eight brothers, and was called the “Peace-

maker" there. She was not as expressive of affection as my father, but her love was such that after his death she said to me, "I cannot live without Richard," and she died the following year (aged 78).

My mother was Father's second wife, his first wife being Frances Avery of North Stonington, whom he married in 1843 when he was 26—a love match, and the little notes they wrote each other show the vastly different manner of those days. Here is one from Richard A. Wheeler to his bride-to-be, Frances M. Avery, and her reply, four years before their marriage:

North Stonington, Nov. 25, 1839

Miss Avery:

I take this manner of expressing to you my thoughts upon a very important subject, one that has seriously occupied my contemplation for a length of time past. I trust you will pardon me, when I ask would my addresses be acceptable to you, and have I ought to do with the happiness of your future?

The above request, thus briefly and unceremoniously presented, is the result of mature reflection and I indulge hope that you will receive it as an offering of true friendship and unfeigned regard. An answer to the above is requested whenever it may suit your convenience.

Yours truly,
R. A. Wheeler

To which, after sixteen days, she replied:

North Stonington, Dec. 12, 1839

Mr. Wheeler:

In answer to a communication received from you some days since, I would briefly say that whenever you deem it proper to call your company will be accepted.

Frances M. Avery

Their few years together were happy, but she did not like to be left on the farm without him for any length of time, so when he was sent to the Legislature in 1851, she was very lonesome and unhappy. A daughter, Eliza Mary, was born in 1844, and then for eleven years life flowed along evenly. His mother, Mary Hewitt Wheeler, lived

here, but she died in 1850, which was a grief beyond words for my father, as she had been an inspiration in his life. In 1855 a second child, Emily, was born and nine weeks later, Frances, the mother, died. The baby was left in the care of her maternal aunt, Mrs. Adeline Park, a young widow who had lost not only her husband, but also her only child, Emily, for whom this new baby was named. Father called her his little "Beauty Bell," and later, in his letters and conversation with my mother, this little one was his chief care.

Not so many years ago I was told by a great uncle, Nathan S. Noyes, that when Frances died people wondered if Richard Wheeler would "take his own medicine," as the remark was then, and marry Lucy Noyes, whom he had recommended many times to widowers and even to single men. Sure enough, he did, for he soon went to see her and told her he wanted her to come and be a mother to his "Beauty Bell." He promised he would never forget it of her, and he never did, as my mother said after his death in 1904.

In a little diary which Richard and Lucy kept for three months before their marriage there is more of death than life written on those pages. They wrote in it alternate weeks. My mother had a deeply religious nature, and this little book is full of her thoughts about her new life soon to begin and wishes that she might prove to be a true helpmate to one whom she loved and deeply respected. On a Wednesday morning sometime between September 3 and November 5, 1846, she wrote:

Bright and beautiful everything looks, but I feel a little sad for Joseph is about to leave us and who can tell that we shall ever meet again? Yet I feel that it is best for him to go. Trunk all packed. Oh, how it makes me think of another absent brother, Ira, far, far away, away from home and kindred friends—in California.

This young brother, Joseph Noyes, was leaving for Columbus, Ohio, and she never did see him again as he died of typhoid fever and was buried there. In the evening she wrote again:

Joseph has gone and all went with him to the boat and I am

here alone. Mother has just left me and her heart is almost broken, one after another gone and left her, she said to me, "Oh, Lucy, I am glad you are not going far away." It made me feel sad. I can hardly tell how I felt, and in leaving all I love here, I go to one who loves me and will always love me and I will go to your home and love you and may the blessing of Heaven rest upon us both and now good night.

Father was doing jury duty at this time and tells of leaving Stonington by boat to go to New London, and when passing the village of Mystic he wrote:

My thoughts flew back to you and when I remembered that you have passed many a day, week, and month there, and must have many pleasant and perhaps some melancholy thoughts, and I could not help loving you the more as these thoughts passed through my mind and every leisure moment I have will all be devoted to you in affectionate remembrance of your devotion to me. Thus will I pass each fleeting hour and love each passing one. Thoughts of you are ever present like ministering spirits to kindly care for me. My thoughts and hopes and prayers fly up for you and in this pleasant reverie of mind I say, Goodnight, dearest.

Mother had been staying with her uncle, George Noyes, when his son George was sick and died of tuberculosis. This was in Mystic where now Mrs. Henry B. Noyes lives at 10 Willow Street. She wrote the last entry in that little joint diary as follows:

This fifth day of November, my bridal day and what a beautiful morning! The rainy clouds have all blown away, the sun shines beautiful and bright, and my heart is light and happy, and may this morning be an omen of days to come. I have finished writing in this little book. The words I have written are for you to read. Please accept them from your own dear Lucy.

Father had been working in the fields at the upper farm, and the night before their wedding he wrote the following to Mother:

I have thought that sorrow might throw its shadows over our joyous pathway and darken our happy days, but then I thought that hearts united as ours by chords of increasing love would so strength-

en our souls that we might be happy even then. I have a strong, abiding faith, that is my guiding star of hope that we shall be happy. I am resolved to never let an unkind word pass these lips and fall upon your ear to crush your hopes and throw a withering pain of bitterness athwart your happiness, for this will I labor, for this will I pray, for I know that I cannot devote myself too much to you for in devoting myself to you is my highest enjoyment and I am determined it shall ever be so, and when I fail to be faithful pass this page to me and now, dearest, I must close as the darkening twilight obscures the leaf and I can scarcely see the lines I write. Tomorrow at this time where shall I be? By the side of her I love and who loves me, happy years as happy as mortal needs to be. Till then I will wait and think of you, dearest, till I come. Goodbye, love. — R. A. Wheeler.

My father was elected High Sheriff of New London County in 1860, which office he held for twelve years, and so he was in New London or Norwich about every week from Monday to Friday during all this period. When I was about ten I used to go with him to visit the jails in Norwich and New London. Mr. and Mrs. Elias Beckwith were the jail keepers in Norwich, and our cousin, Alden Hewitt, was the keeper in New London with his wife and family. On one of my visits, an old lady who was visiting the Hewitts gave me a little brown canary. It did not sing except for a chirp now and then but I thought it was a great treasure. I kept it in a cage over the old square piano in the east room and gave it the best of care, but it did not live long. When it died I felt so badly that Father brought me another, a beautiful yellow, singing canary which he gave five dollars for. I put it in the cage which still hung over the same piano in our east room. That very evening a gay group of young people gathered around the piano and sang college songs till a late hour. In the morning my beautiful yellow bird lay on the bottom of the cage, lifeless. I was about heartbroken. Later I heard it said that canaries are very sensitive and easily frightened, so I expect this one was really frightened to death which was not very much of a compliment to our singing.

Unknowingly I also brought some other things home which

were not beautiful, and very troublesome. At the jail I liked to go into the women's ward and there I contracted what gave me a headache and itch. For a few days I was very uncomfortable without knowing why, till one morning my mother sat down in the kitchen with a very white towel across her knees and called me to come and sit down. With a fine tooth comb she gave my thick, short hair a good going-over, and continued this treatment for several mornings till the transients were gone.

The visits at Norwich jail were very pleasant. Mr. Beckwith was a very large man, but light on foot, and Mrs. Beckwith was very systematic and everything moved like clock-work. The janitor was a young fellow, Chris Morgan, who later lived in Mystic in the house which is now the Clipper Inn. He would let me go into the cells when he entered so that I could watch the prisoners when they took their tin trays with their food for meals.

The following incident proved laughable, but it might have been tragic. One very dark night when at our home all were asleep, we were awakened by a vigorous knocking on the house somewhere. All were aroused to know what was the matter. My father finally got a lamp lighted and started to find the person who was so anxious to come in, and at the farthest door in the ell he found a man who rushed in saying, "Shut the door quick! Don't let anyone know I am here! This is the biggest house I ever saw; it's like a castle."

To which my father replied, "It is my castle."

The man was Solomon Lucas, a lawyer from Norwich, who said, "I have been trying to find a door in this house for the last hour."

He had come on business about the Alabama Claims on which he and Father had been appointed to receive the money and to pay it over to different persons in Stonington and other places as their part of the damage to American ships by English privateers during the Civil War. Mr. Lucas had brought a large sum of money with him and he had his driver leave him quite a distance from the house and sent him back. He and Father conferred on the best way to disburse

this money. They spoke in low tones, and upstairs, Em and I tried to listen through the register, but we could not make out what they said, so decided to go back to sleep.

As they decided to drive back to Norwich at early dawn, the horse must be fed, so they both went to the corn crib to get grain from a bin. Lifting the cover a gun discharged with a great explosion which frightened both men. Mr. Lucas was said to have shouted out, "Judge, I'm shot." Both rushed out of the crib wondering who could be there with a gun.

In the house we were all awakened again, and the boy, Robert Burdick, who was living with us then, came down from his room. Father asked him if there was a gun in the crib, and he said that he had loaded one to shoot woodchucks or rats when he should see them and had laid it on the bin. So that was the gun that aroused and really frightened everybody. As money was concerned, it was not strange that Mr. Lucas was startled and believed that someone, who might have known the purpose of his visit here, should have tried to shoot him.

There was no more sleep in our house that night, and as soon as the horse had eaten his breakfast they started back to Norwich. Next day the *Norwich Bulletin* was full of the mid-night journey and the gun incident, as well as Mr. Lucas shouting, "I'm shot, Judge." But it was no laughing matter at the moment in the dark building, with no knowledge of a loaded shotgun left handy to shoot woodchucks.

All this was exciting at the time and now seems amusing, but some of our ancestors, back in the days of the pioneers, faced real dangers bravely and carried heavy burdens of hardship and sorrow.

In Norwich, Connecticut, Hannah Gore, my great-great-grandmother, was born on December 20, 1720, the eighth child of Samuel Gore and Hannah Draper. Her life was full of sorrows, up and downs, death and discouragement, which seem now almost too hard to be borne.

Her brother, Obadiah Gore, with many others of his relatives

and friends, had gone to Wilkes Barre, Pennsylvania, where a war between the Indians and French was being carried on. There he died of smallpox. In 1718 three of his sons, Silas, Asa, and George had been killed in a dreadful massacre at Wyoming. A niece, Hannah was also killed. Another niece, Sarah had been in the fort during the massacre with her fourteen-year-old brother, John. As the news of their deaths came back to Stonington, many hearts were saddened and families torn with grief. Hannah sorrowed much for the dreadful sufferings of her family, and her heart was saddened for all her relatives who were dead, and especially for the manner of their going, which in many cases had been inhuman and cruel.

In her early life Hannah Gore had playmates and friends of her own age in Norwich, and met a young man from Groton, Silas Burrows, whom she married July 17, 1740, when she was twenty. They lived at the Corner Cupboard in Mystic, where now the artist, Kenneth Bates lives. Silas was a fine young man, especially fond of the water, and he made one trip away after their marriage, but was taken sick and brought home with fever, and lived but short time. He died April 19, 1741, leaving Hannah alone, but with expectation of a baby, who was born July 1, three months after her father's death. She was named Silence, as near to her father's name as possible.

At the funeral of Silas there came many people, as he had friends on both sides of the Mystic River. Among them was one Nathaniel Gallup, who lived nearly opposite Hannah's home on what was later called the Greenman farm below where the Marine Museum now stands. Nathaniel was much impressed with her situation, and said to several, that if she lived through her confinement, he should marry her, which he soon did.

The story is told that when he was coming to see Hannah on those missions of love that she set her little teatable out, with its frail, thin china that Silas had brought her from some foreign port. Mr. Gallup, who was a large man and rather awkward, accidentally tipped over the table and broke a number of dishes. This incident did

not break up their friendship, it later proved, as he was not slow in coming forward with his declarations of solicitude and affection for Hannah, and it must have seemed providential, left as she was, so young and with no visible means of support, that Mr. Gallup should have taken such a fancy to her in his great heart. They were married November 24, 1742, and he took her and the little girl, Silence, to his home across the river not far from the present Rossie Velvet Mill, where she grew up with her Gallup half-brothers and sisters. As she was the oldest girl in the family I expect Silence was most helpful to her mother in caring for these younger children, nine of whom came along from 1744 to 1763, and, all growing up together, they must have had many happy times.

The oldest was Nathaniel. Next came Samuel, then Silas, and George, and then a little girl, named Margaret, but she did not live through the year and this was another great grief. Then came Amos, and then Hannah, named for her mother, and she lived, much to the joy of her parents, as there was no girl among so many boys. Last came Levi and Ezra.

Silence had cousins on her father's side, as his sister, Hannah Burrows, married William Denison of North Stonington, and had children, younger and older than Silence; Silas' brother, Hubbard Burrows, married Mercy Denison, whose sister Esther married Jonathan Wheeler, who lived near this house. So it came about that Silence's meeting her future husband was quite natural, as these, all living not far from her home, were the ones she knew and who were at the candy pulls, and corn huskings, and all good times of those early days. As Silence grew older and more lovely she met many young people, among them a youth who was very partial to her and to whom she turned for approval and help in whatever she had need. He was Richard Wheeler, my great grandfather, son of Jonathan Wheeler.

All these other Gallup children were married during the Revolutionary War except Ezra. Soon after the close of the war Samuel,

who had married Jemima Enos, a Baptist from Rhode Island, and his four brothers, George, Silas, Levi, and Ezra, with several other families from Groton and Stonington, moved to New York State, near Albany, which in those days was called Hill Barrack country. Going that far in those days was like moving to the end of the earth, having to make the journey with wagon and mule or horses or more commonly by cart and oxen, and it took several days to complete the journey.

In later years the New York relatives came back to Stonington to visit their mother, Hannah, who was sometimes living with her son Amos at the old Gallup house where Dr. and Mrs. Charles Berry now live, and sometimes staying with her first daughter, Silence, and her family, in this very house where I live. The two families were always very intimate.

My great grandparents, Richard and Silence Wheeler, had a very happy life here. They were married in 1761, and here their six children were born. Two of them married Breeds, and went to Vermont to live. Later their youngest child, Hannah, married William Holmes, and after their last child was born they, too, went to Halifax, Vermont. I have read some of the letters Hannah wrote to her mother. They sounded a little homesick, as she must have felt so far away from home, so far away, in fact, that a visit home was never thought possible.


Silence's son Silas married Mary Thompson, and they are the ancestors of Mrs. Helen Wheeler Denison of Stonington. Another son, Jesse, died young, and then Richard was born in 1769. Hannah's daughter Silence was now forty-five, and her son, Richard Wheeler, had grown up. His cousin Anne, child of Samuel Gallup and Jemima Enos Gallup of Albany, came down from there to visit her grandmother Hannah, Aunt Silence, and Uncle Amos, and was often in this home. A very warm friendship grew up between Anne and Richard, which culminated in their marriage in 1794.

In the will of Jonathan Wheeler, who was Silence's father-in-law,

he left this place to the male heir of Richard, his grandson. Richard and Anne lost all their children except Jemima, and after Anne's death he married Mary Hewitt, my own grandmother. To them two daughters were born, and then a son in 1817, who was my father, and so he inherited this place, but it occasioned quite a warm lawsuit in the family of cousins. Many lawyers were called to court and much lively testimony was given, but the judgment was that my father was just as much a male heir of Richard as if he had been the first wife's child, so he became owner of this farm which, since 1687, has been in the Wheeler family, never sold, but given from father to son till my father, having no son, gave it to his daughters.

Father's mother, Mary Hewitt Wheeler, interested her son in genealogy when he was young. She wanted him to go to the Probate Office and look up her Hewitt line, and he enjoyed it so much and got so interested in the work that he always continued the search for not only his own but other lines, which made him able after he was eighty to include eighty-seven old families in his *History of Stonington*.

Em and I

HEN EM AND I WERE LITTLE GIRLS, Mother dressed us alike, and as Em was small for her age and I was big for mine, we were quite like twins.

When I was three and Em was six we had our pictures taken. Our dresses were of a yellow printed material, with tiny diamond outlines filled in with red and blue. Across the front of the round-necked blouse were three rows of dark braid pointed down to the waist. Puff sleeves were finished off with the same braid. I remember, too, the beautiful winter coats we had of a gray-blue outside, the inside white and soft and thick for winter. With those we had little plaid dresses with a good deal of red in them, and white felt hats dotted all over the crown with little black beads, and white and gray squirrel furs. Em's furs had a bit deeper cape than mine, but both were alike otherwise, and we went to church wearing these fine clothes, feeling very grand. And, too, I had a beautiful broad, red ribbon that tied my hair, which I kept in a special place, and every once in a while I would go and look at it, for it was kept for best and was very precious.

On Sunday afternoons I used to climb up into a big cherry tree quite a way from the house and read a book with Bible stories which intrigued me. What children read when they are young always stays by them, as that has by me. I wish I knew where that book went, but I have looked for it many times in many places, but it is gone, though not the facts which were in it.

Em and I did not know but that we were own sisters, till coming home from the Wheeler school one night we stopped, as we often did, to see Mrs. Frank Stanton who had a caller. They discussed our

relationship and wondered if we knew we were not own sisters. We heard this, and when we reached home we questioned Mother to know what they meant, and she told us. But we never felt any different toward each other, for we always loved each other very much.

I can recall when we had anything given to us Mother would always say, "Let Emmie take her choice," for she was older. Father had a cousin, Jane Chalker, who lived in Saybrook, and she often visited us and always brought something for the children. She once gave us some little oblong boxes; one was green and white, the other blue and white, and another time she brought two little red and blue baskets full of candy.

When we were older we made a visit at her home. She had a brother, Robert Chalker, and their descendants are living there on the farm yet. One day while we were there we all went fishing, and I caught a big white fish, which was best catch of the day. I remember the swarm of mosquitoes that assailed us when we were driving back to their home. We were covered with them. Perhaps it was the fish which attracted these pests and made them follow us. Not many years ago one of the Chalker grandsons, Robert, by name, came here to see us, and we talked over the former days and about Saybrook. A year ago I visited David Gallup Scott, a cousin who has purchased a big house in Saybrook and is living there with his family. He took me to ride to see all the places I had visited and known as a child.

During the Civil War, which began in 1861, when I was three, the women about here used to meet at various homes to work for the soldiers. I must have been about four when one of the meetings was at our home where the ladies came to pull lint for the use of the wounded. I sat in a little high chair at the same table with them in the east room and pulled lint, too, from linen cloths, but I don't know for what purpose it could have been used except to stop bleeding which nowadays would be considered unsanitary. When Oscar Hewitt went off with the North Stonington company my sister Eliza used to knit wristlets and long stockings to send him.

We were all in tears when Father came home and told us President Lincoln had been killed. Em wrote me a little letter, and blacked with ink the border of the tiny envelope to express sorrow for his death. We had a way as children, of writing each other letters and putting them in a deep drawer of the sideboard, so we would get a letter at almost any time from each other. The love of writing and getting letters has stayed with me ever since.

We never had occasion to have a doctor called when we were children except for something as important as when Em and I had scarlet fever and measles. The only other earlier similar incident I remember was before I was three. My mother held me in her arms while old Doctor Hyde heated a flat iron red hot and with an instrument heated by the flat, burned out a canker sore in my mouth.

Years ago there were no declared holidays as now and the big day was Thanksgiving. Everybody here, and in New England generally, observed the day with prayer, praise, and feasting as commanded by the Governor. The families were large and all went to Grandfather's side and none on my mother's till years later. So I did not know much of the joy and friendship of youthful relatives. My uncle Charles S. Noyes, who married Henrietta Wheeler, had three children, the youngest, Ira, though much younger than I, has always been like a brother to me. Indeed he has done more for me than most bothers do for their real own sisters. Through him I have known the care and love of a near relative. His home is in Providence where he is a practicing physician, yet he often comes with his wife to see me and for years has aided in our financial needs.

When I was about eleven, I recall going for Thanksgiving to my grandparents', Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Noyes, at Anguilla Hill. The house seemed full of people, grownups and children, but nothing like as many as the generation before mine, when his grandfather had seventeen children, some grown and returning with their children. In my day there were only four uncles, and only one of them was married with but one child. Of the two aunts, one was married and

was home with three children and the other was widowed with four children. The family had eight sons, but some had died, others were in Ohio, California, and Florida, so this family gathering was not so large.

Always some of the family went to the church for the morning service while the rest stayed home to get the dinner, and at 12 o'clock it was on the table. Such a feast it was! The big turkey, brown and shining, accompanied by two big pans of chicken pie and roast pork, crisp and brown, clove-studded so it had a spicy odor. There were vegetables of many kinds, cranberry sauce, and brown bread, butter from the old churn (the handle of which my grandfather sometimes turned for hours before butter came to the consistency to be handled). Dishes of cucumber pickles and pickled pears and peaches crowded the table, and jugs of sweet cider, and milk, tea, and coffee. Then came the pies—mince, apple, and pumpkin—and cheese grandmother had made, both sage and plain. I helped her make the last cheese she ever made and she told me then never to forget it. She used a big tub and a long stick to stir the rennet saved from a former batch of homemade cheese. After the curd came she stirred it till it rolled together into a mass with form enough to hold together. If she wanted to, she added sage at this time. It was then stored in a big pan on the shelf in the dark cheese room. There the longer it stood, the harder it became, and the better flavor it gathered.

After dinner was eaten the men would go out into the big field nearby and play ball or pitch horseshoes or try throwing barrel hoops over a stake to see who could ring the most, the fastest. Even if the day was quite cold they would be in their shirt sleeves, and heated from the vigorous exercise, they presumably settled their hearty dinner, for later in the afternoon they would come in hungry for one of the raised cakes Grandmother had made especially for the occasion, with yeast and fruit and many eggs, or to get another piece of pie, with some more good cheese.

The children always had their small table with all the good things that were on the big table. Their appetites were ravenous, and they had great fun at a table all to themselves. There was always some conversation among the older ones before they began clearing the table and washing dishes, quite a task when there was a large family.

Grandmother, so-called, or Aunt Lavina Denison in Mystic, who lived to be over ninety, always had a wonderful Thanksgiving Day. There were many of her descendants and sometimes she would invite people who had no special relatives' homes, where they might go for the day. Oftentimes there were at the dinner table over a hundred people and these enjoyable occasions became an annual event for years.

Christmas was not observed at all in many homes when I was a little girl. Father did not believe in hanging up stockings for Santa Claus to fill, but Mother thought it was well enough for the children to have some presents. Living with us was a young woman, Jane Bradford, whose father had died in Pawcatuck, leaving a large family of children who were distributed among relatives and friends, and Father had brought Jane here to help in the household tasks. She would take down the big fireboard back of the kitchen stove, and on the hearth would place a basin of dirty water, to show us children where Santa Claus had washed his hands after he came down the chimney to fill the stockings. Our stockings, which were some of father's very big, long ones, hand-knitted, dangled under the mantel and there would be something in them for us—an apple or orange or maybe as a great treat a pencil-like stick of red and white candy, and a little cake or cookie. Like as not there were some shag bark "wa'nuts" we had picked up in the fall, to fill up the space. The difference between the shagbark "wa'nuts" and the other kinds was that when cracked on an iron by the quick blow of a hammer they opened into two whole pieces. The "hog wa'nuts" or "pig wa'nuts" shattered into fragments.

I also remember receiving a lady doll which my father bought at Burtch's store, now the Schepis corner, in the Borough, as a consolation after I had had an ulcerated tooth pulled by Dr. Mercer of Mystic. It may have been near Christmas time. I remember she had black hair, painted on a porcelain head, but not with the glossy finish that older dolls had. She came with a brown paper dress. I named her "Lucy," and Em made her a new costume of a material having a dark blue background and black palm leaves. She made it with long sleeves and high neck and trimmed it with red braid. Much later "Lucy" fell and broke her neck. Mother mended her by bracing her head up with a walnut shell. We also had some paper dolls which we thought wonderful. Em made them dresses out of colored paper and we played house with them among books on the table.

We had as much for Christmas as other children about here and felt very grateful to Santa Claus for his presents, which we rushed to get Christmas mornings very early. We always shouted "Merry Christmas, Merry Christmas" to all in the house, and it was indeed a merry day for us.

Christmas is now observed more even than Thanksgiving, and is a time of making presents to everyone that we can, and of sending so many cards to friends that it has become a very hard time for the post office clerks. We are glad to receive them, but later have to dispose of them in various ways, mostly in scrapbooks for the children who are sick in hospitals, and even they are literally swamped with cards.

When I was a little girl the Indians from Indiantown, now called Lantern Hill, used to walk past our house on their way to the shore to go fishing and dig clams. One day, when Father and Mother were absent and five of us children were left here, my oldest sister, Eliza, saw the Indians coming and she ran into the house and took us four, Ellen Peckham, who was a girl living here then, my cousin, Helen Noyes, Em, and me into the long kitchen. Drawing every curtain she had us stand in a row in the middle of

the room, and we were not to utter a sound while they were passing. Eliza was naturally timid and so she made us all frightened, but after standing still in a row for some time, till she thought they had walked by the house, she drew up the curtains and opened the doors and we breathed again.

I always wanted to see the Indians as once I caught a glimpse of them, and they did have feathers in their hair or hats and on other parts of their bodies, and looked quite fantastic, but they were not formidable and would not have hurt us. The only real Indian I ever became well acquainted with was Mary Baker, the full-blooded Pequot Indian girl who grew up here. Her brother Elam is still living in the Borough, I believe.

Of all the children who have lived here since the house was built only eighteen have been born here between 1761 when the first one, Esther Wheeler, arrived, and 1858 when I was born. I have lived the longest. Through all these years these Wheeler children have had forty-six associates, some of whom were apprentices.

It was the custom in those days for a family to take into their home young people, boys and girls both, who in return for "board and lodging" worked, the boys in the fields and the girls in the house. Sometimes they were relatives or orphans or children of large families whose unfortunate or ailing parents for some reason could not care for them properly and who were glad to place them in a good Christian home. Always they were treated more or less like one of the family.

During the latter part of the 1700's William Witter and Daniel Hobart lived here and worked on the farm. Witter later became a preacher in California and one time returned to preach in the Road Church. In 1800 Isaac Newton, Austen White, Enoch Ross, Daniel Phillips, John Leroy, and William Dewey were all here. My father told how as a very young child he awakened from a dream inconsolable because "Isaac Newton was dead." He was comforted only when Isaac had been awakened too, and shown to him in the


flesh. The following afternoon when Isaac was bringing home the cows he playfully twisted one gentle old cow's tail around his arm, as he was wont to do. Something frightened her and she bolted, dragging the youth to his death.

Among the many girls were Hannah and Cynthia Smith, sisters, and Abby Suttle, whom I don't remember, Lucy Clark of North Stonington, who, when she was only seven years old, came home with my grandmother in the wagon one day when she was driving past her house, and stayed here till she married at nineteen. Ellen Peckham came from Cassadock Hill. Abbie Crandall and fourteen others followed these in later years.

One, Mary Baker, a full-blooded Pequot Indian, came when she was seven to stay with my mother while Em and I went to Norwich for a visit of a few days. She also stayed till she grew up and married, at nineteen, a Pequot Indian, Irving Congdon of North Stonington. She was a fine girl, trusted with everything and always dependable. Clarabelle Robinson, a colored girl, who lived here twelve years went to live with Mrs. Welles, Winifred Welles' mother at Norwich Town, in the large, fine dwelling not far from the Norwich Town Congregational Church. There she fitted finely into the household arrangements.

One Harry Crandall came with his mother and sister from the Far West to live here. I remember that he was so truthful that when, all through one Sunday I tried to get him to confess something we felt he must have done, he steadfastly denied. At last it was proven that he was not guilty. I could always trust him after that. Of all the many who have lived under our roof, only five are now alive, and he is one of them. The children of these later years always went to school, but nights and mornings they were here and would do errands and help in many ways.

School Days

HEN I WAS a little over two years old and Em was five, we started our school career, going to the old Wheeler schoolhouse, still standing, where my father also had gone to school. Mother went with us as far as the woods through which we must walk three-quarters of a mile. When Mother left us the first day and turned back home, she shed tears, thinking, "Those two little children have now started out in life."

Several years later when we met a strange man in these woods, we went past him saying very loud, "My father is the sheriff," which he was then, and so we felt very safe.

About all I can recall of these early schooldays was being put to sleep, all covered over, on one of the long wooden benches, to wake up later and go peek out of the window, after climbing up on the high seats, to see the boys and girls playing. They would go to the brook nearby and get sweetflag which we all loved to eat. In the time of whortleberries we picked them and sometimes carried home a pailful which Mother could use to make griddle cakes for breakfast or in popovers or pie for dinners. We carried our dinners to school and some of the scholars brought frosted cake, which we thought was wonderful. A swing was always near the school house and one day Em in pushing the swing slipped a little gold ring off her finger, and although we all looked day after day, it was never found.

When we grew older we would wend our way across the lot opposite to visit a few minutes with the Gallup family in their home, the house that Dr. Charles Berry, the geologist, now owns. George

Gallup would always ask us if the teacher had been pleasant that day and which of the boys we liked best, for he was full of jokes, while the others in the family, Amos, Martha and Wealthy, all seemed very serious and dignified. These everyday calls were really a part of our early education as the family all used excellent English and were ideal people for our young minds to come in contact with. A celebrated schoolteacher, Mrs. Sylvanus Reed of New York, once said Martha Gallup used the finest English she had ever heard anywhere, and she had traveled through many parts of our country as well as abroad.

The schoolteachers I had in the old Wheeler School House were first Emeline Palmer, daughter of Major and Mrs. Alden Palmer. She was quite young and I was, too, as I had not reached my third year, but I wanted to go to school and she wanted Em and me to come, so Mother let us go. I don't think I learned much about geography, grammar, or arithmetic that spring; but after that we had William Palmer and then his brother, John Palmer, sons of Aleck and Delia Palmer, who lived in the old house near the present pumping station at Dean's Mills. Alice Turner of North Stonington came after them and I don't remember who her parents were or much about her, except her name and that she was pretty. Emma Main, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Gershom Main who lived just above our home, and Ella Dewey, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Israel Dewey of Old Mystic followed. Then came James Burnett of Burnett's Corners, who afterwards was a merchant in Hartford. My oldest half-sister, Eliza M. Wheeler, who once pulled a tooth with a string for me during a recess, was the next teacher, and then Lucy Wheeler, the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Warren Wheeler, and last was Anna Moss, who was not much older than I was.

Among my memories of school life I recall that one boy, Arthur G. Wheeler, always took me on his sled down the hill. It seemed a very big hill then, and it does even now when I pass it by, opposite Penny Pitch. It was a grand place for coasting. He would help me

back up hill and then to school. One day, for some slight misdemeanor of mine, teacher said: "You will go and sit beside Arthur Wheeler," and I was so mortified that I was reduced to tears—which he could not understand.

Another time I was to speak a piece on the last day of school, and after the exercises we were to have a picnic and general good time. Though I had said it over and over before the others out-of-doors, when I came to stand on the floor to recite, not one word could I recall. After standing dumb a minute I fled and went home feeling a miserable coward, and I lost all the good time.

Again when I did not stand close enough to a boy in the spelling class, the teacher, Miss Anna Moss, corrected me. When I refused to move nearer, she took a small stick and hit me on the arm, which so angered me that at home that night I announced I should not go to school any more that summer. I did not, and this is also the only time I can remember Mother allowing me to do what Em was not to do. I think the real reason I was allowed to stay home was because we had a cousin about my age staying with us and another boy cousin of Em's, and I could help entertain them, but I felt good that I had carried the day. In after years Miss Anna and I were the best of friends and laughed over this correction she gave me.

The Wheeler School House where Eliza and many others taught stands north of Penny Pitch, where Mr. and Mrs. William Petty now live. It is the oldest school house in Stonington. This poem vividly recalling the old school houses was written in the *Democratic Review* in 1846, so a hundred years later it is reprinted here. I don't know the name of the author.

THE OLD SCHOOL HOUSE

It stands by the wayside beneath an old tree
Where I frolicked in childhood light-hearted and free.
'Tis rude and timeworn and the weather-stained door
Is carved with deep crosses and marked o'er and o'er
With drawing and names by childish hands traced.

Here, a part of a man with the head quite effaced,
But with shape and properties never intended by nature—
The body a child's, but a giant in stature.
The half-open door to my view was disclosed
The benches and desks still standing in rows,
All duly notched where some idle boy sat,
And worn smooth where his elbows rubbed, this way and that.
The desk of the master, his inkstand and rule
Where he set all the copies while he eyed the whole school.
On the desk close beside where the ferule is laid
Confiscated apples and toys are displayed.
Unchanged do they seem, and still standing there
Are the pail and tin cup and the master's arm chair,
And still in the center all eaten with rust
The old stove and its pipe thickly covered with dust.
On the three legs it's resting, the fourth broken and gone,
Is supplied by a brick for its weight to rest on.
The papers and ashes lie scattered about,
The bits of old pens with the feathers notched out,
The marks on the wall, the ink on the floor,
Even the smoke on the ceiling's the same as of yore.
Hark! the voice of the child through the half-open door
Who cons in faint treble his dull lessons o'er,
And the other who yawns with his arms o'er his head
And sighs as he wishes his lesson were said.
Still deeper and longer and more weary his sighs
When he turns to the window his sleepy grey eyes
And sees in the fields the lambs skipping at play,
And envies their freedom this sweet summer day,
And believes in his heart that happy he'd be
If he, like the lambs, could only be free
To gambol and frolic, to stand or to run,
To lie down on the bank and bask in the sun.
But oh, this high bench where his little short legs
Hang dangling, benumbed and lifeless as pegs
While vainly he tries to reach with his toes
The too-distant floor. Oh, these are the woes
Which many a child in his school hour knows.

The next fall I went to the Mystic Bridge High School where the teacher in the Grammar Department was Miss Harriet Holmes, daughter of the good nurse whom we all had known. She was very

kind to me, but she was a strict disciplinarian, and when she wore a certain green wool dress we knew we must be on our best behavior. Every morning for a whole term I played the melodeon in the room for the school to sing, "Scatter Seeds of Kindness." I never knew why she insisted on that song for so long, but she did, and we thought the seeds must be pretty well scattered all over the town by the end of the term. There were five rooms in the old building, which stood where the present Broadway building is, and George O. Hopkins was the principal. He was a widower and we were always wondering which of the four unmarried school teachers he would marry. He finally married Miss Wolf, one of the downstairs teachers.


I graduated, salutatorian, in 1877, from the Congregational Church, a great occasion when friends and relatives gave one a grand ovation. I had boarded from Sunday night or Monday morning till Friday night all the four years I was in school in Mystic, and Em did also while she was a student at the Professor John K. Bucklyn Institute. I was with Mrs. Eliza Noyes Morgan for two years. Her daughter, Annie, was home at that time. They lived in the story-and-a-half house on Denison Street where lately the Misses Louise and Annie Morgan lived. We called her Grandmother Morgan and she was a most lovable person so all the children flocked to her home as she always had something good for them in the eating line. She was a Christian and had a brother, Nathan Noyes, who was noted for his long and fervent prayers. One day right after school closed at night, I was hungry, and she said to me, "Go right into the closet and get anything to eat that you see." I did so and had hardly got there when she closed the door and seated brother Nathan right before it. Of course, I heard every word said, as she wanted me to, having my best good at heart. But I did have a lesson in patience anyway and plenty to eat.

After Em came to Mystic, we both boarded with Mrs. Eunice Noyes, my grandmother's sister. She had at the same time her two

Chapman grandchildren from Norwich. She had moved to Mystic after her husband, Thomas Noyes, had died at the farm where now the Sonnenburgs are living. She had a daughter, Jane, with her and they made a fine home for us young people.

Elizabeth Chapman was my age and the grandson, Charles Chapman, not more than seven or eight. He was a case, up to all sorts of pranks. One I will relate. His grandmother had some nice pear trees and they hung full of fruit, which she told him he must not pick, as she was going to preserve them. One morning she discovered they were hanging on the trees, but they had been eaten all around. When she reprimanded Charlie for eating the pears, he replied, "Grandmother, I never picked the pears," but he might as well have done so.

Our Neighbors

Y HOME IS SITUATED about five miles from each of five villages surrounding us, in all of which we had many friends. North Stonington lies to the north and Old Mystic to the west, Stonington Borough and Mystic are south, Pawcatuck and Westerly on the east.

At North Stonington Major Dudley Wheeler and his family were our close friends. His second wife told my mother she had done just what she did: married a Wheeler as second wife. A cousin to my grandfather Noyes, William Wheeler, lived there too, with his wife Emmeline Stewart and their daughter and later their son-in-law, Thomas Clark, who was comptroller at one time. We often saw Thomas S. Wheeler, his wife, and daughter, Mary. As a child I often thought the "S" in his name stood for Spectacles as he always wore them.

I remember Mr. and Mrs. Allen Wheeler, and that one day a little niece, Delia Wheeler, came to spend the day with them. As night came on she put her arms about Uncle Allen's neck and told him she did not want to go home, and they were only too glad to keep her. Also I recall my father's sister, Mrs. Charles G. Hewitt, moved into North Stonington after her husband died and lived with a fine person, Ann Riley, whom she had brought up from a little girl when she first came over from Ireland. There was also Thomas W. Wheeler who married a daughter of Cyrus Brown who had the romantic adventure of jumping out of the window at her home one dark night to marry the man of her choice. This Thomas had a brother, John Owen Wheeler, who never married and was the village blacksmith, always jolly and talkative.

Both my father and mother had graduated from school in Old Mystic, and there Mother's brother and Father's long-time friend, Cyrus Noyes, who married Jane Harding, lived. There was a remarkable Hyde family of seventeen children whose father also was one of a family of seventeen. Here were Drs. Manning and Trabeau well known in the neighborhood. Father boarded with Russell Williams and his family in which there were four daughters. He admired them all very much. Their names were Frances who married Appleton Woodward of New Jersey; Abby who married Oliver Perry and lived in New London; Esther who married Rev. William Turkington who later became the minister of the Old Mystic and Mystic Methodist churches; and Nancy who married Samuel Gladding of Providence.

In Mystic lived my mother's uncle, George Noyes, president of the Groton Bank, and his family. She had been several years at different times in his house when his first and second wives had died and a son had been ill for a long time. His third wife was Emily Denison, daughter of Isaac. They had one son, Frederick, who later married in Norwich. In Mystic Mother also had an own cousin, Thomas Noyes, who married Phebe Jane Kemp, whose sister Mary married my mother's brother, Denison Noyes. Previously these two Noyes young men had gone to Mystic as carpenters and both fell desperately in love with John Burrows' two daughters, Frances and Sarah, but their father would not give his consent to their marrying them. He said that they would never have any money, so these love affairs came to naught, and the young men married elsewhere, but neither lived for any length of days.

The only Fourth of July celebration that I can recall was one evening at Mystic at this cousin Thomas Noyes' home, when we were very young. We had never seen any fireworks before and when we were encouraged to throw some torpedoes on the stone sidewalk, we did, and thought the noise they made was something dreadful, and the fireworks, beautiful. Father knew many men in

Mystic and he was off talking with them, so we all had a grand time and long talked about the gay celebration.

At Stonington Borough Father's sister Hannah married her own cousin Giles Crary Smith and they lived with their three daughters in the house on the southeast corner of Main and Grand Streets. Upstairs in that house, which was the homestead of the Smith family, lived his sister, Mrs. Mary Palmer, a lovely person, whom we children all wanted to go up and see whenever we came to the village. Another place I longed to go was to Thomas Burtch's store where candy was sold. His lemon balls were something I loved. Right here I must tell about one which I had in my mouth when I was playing out in front of our house one day. All of a sudden it slipped out of my mouth and fell down among the tall grass. I stood sorrowful for to lose that candy was something dreadful to me. After a little I thought God would help me find it, so I knelt down right in the tall grass, which was over my head, and asked Him to show me where my candy was. When I opened my eyes my prayer was answered for I saw it and picked it up joyfully. I have always believed in prayer and have had many answered, as faith is what one needs to bring answers.

At the Stonington Savings Bank was Oliver Grant, my father's cousin, a bachelor, and at the Ocean Bank was William J. H. Pollard who was a great friend of Father's. They both enjoyed getting up picnics for the town. One was held in North Stonington at the Bears' Den, a place connected with a big bear story. It is related that a bear had been bothering the sheep of that vicinity. The farmers finally drove him into a space under a huge boulder and he was finished off there. Another picnic I remember was at Wequetequock where many of the town assembled and had a feast and full day of fun. In the Borough my mother had two cousins, Oliver Chesebro and Mrs. Jane Brown, where she often called and visited, and later we had many girl friends in the village.

In Pawcatuck the Sheffield family were our good friends as

Mrs. Sheffield was formerly Betsy Noyes of New York State, a cousin of Mother's. To Mr. Sheffield's office my father always went on certain days, when he was Judge of Probate, to hear complaints and to settle disputes in family affairs about money left to various heirs. He and whoever of our family was with Father at the office, were invited to dinner and many a happy hour we all enjoyed. Their daughter Hannah married George Tapley of Springfield, Massachusetts, and lived to a great age, but there are no descendants left from this family. One son, Thomas, was in the Civil War as Captain, and another son William died a young man. I visited Mrs. Tapley and her sister Maria in their apartment when Mrs. Tapley was over ninety and Maria was over eighty. There was another Sheffield family in Pawcatuck who lived close by the big tree at the corner of Liberty Street near the overpass, who were also cousins.

Our nearest neighbors on the south were the Jonathan Wheeler family where Irving Dawley now lives. Quite often we went to see them, all old people—Mr. and Mrs. Wheeler and their daughters Lois and Mercy and their son Stanton. Though all of their eight children lived to be middle aged only three ever married. The daughter Mercy was large and heavy and always sat near the stove, while the brother Stanton was tall and thin. There had been a long line of Jonathan Wheelers in that house, and later on, one Jonathan Andrew Wheeler, about the fifth generation, who in middle life married Lydia Larkham. She seemed like a bright rainbow with her youthful ways and dress, very cheerful and sprightly. I was about seven years old, yet I can see her now picking up one side of her pink calico dress and almost dancing across the long kitchen. I loved to go there after she came.

There had been Jonathan and Esther Denison, Jonathan and Priscilla Lester, Jonathan and Martha Stanton, Jonathan and Anna Breed, and then Jonathan Andrew and Lydia Larkham. Later came Jonathan Duane and Grace Behrens (now in Dayton, Ohio) and their son, Jonathan Clinton Wheeler, the seventh Jonathan.

Now eighty years later I have just got in touch with this Jonathan Andrew Wheeler's brother's children (Ben and Ed) who live in Oregon and Dakota and their children live in California. They correspond with me. One of the sons of Ed Wheeler, named Mark, and his wife were missionaries in China for twenty-five years while another brother Harvey and his wife were missionaries in Japan for fifteen years. Their zeal for mission work comes, I think, from the Scotch mother and not from the Wheeler side. Though the Wheelers are good dependable people, they are not given to special religious work as the Scotch are.

The first neighbors I recall north of us were at the old Hyde farm now owned by Daniel Cronin. They were Mr. and Mrs. Gershom Main and family. He was brother to Charles Main, and his wife was Susan Billings. I remember both the parents were fine-looking people. Their children were Emma, who taught school for a while in the Wheeler School House and brought her little sister Hattie with her occasionally. Hattie wore a red coat and hood bordered with white fur around the face, and she was my ideal of childish beauty. Emma married David Witter of Griswold. Her brother Albert had a store in Greenville, Norwich, and married Sabrina Hiliard of North Stonington village. The third child, Hattie, when she was older, taught school, never married, and lived the latter part of her life and died at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Nathaniel Culver in Quiambaug.

West of us lived our neighbors the Gallup family, on the Al Harvey Road, two old ladies and two old gentlemen, Patty and Wealthy, Amos and George. The latter was full of jokes while the others seemed very serious and dignified, but Aunt Martha, or Patty as she was called, would rise from her big arm chair each time we went to see her, all through my school days, from the time I was two, and putting her hand on my head would say, "Why, you are getting to be quite tall." These people were children of Amos Gallup and Wealthan Dean of Dean's Mills.

At the present home of Mrs. Helen Joy Lee was the large Harvey family, one of whom was married in our church to Julius Gallup, a noted but very deaf dentist of Bristol, Rhode Island. Another, the oldest, Jane, married a Dr. Percy and came back to Stonington later in life. One child, Annette, about my age, married John Ripley and lived there till her death a few years ago.

Below the house of Mrs. Helen Joy Lee was the Moss place where lived our dearest friends among the many. They and our family, always coming and going to each other's homes with a carriage loaded with people. Often the arrivals were timed for supper without any previous arrangement for entertainment. But there was always more than enough to eat, a great plenty for all and joy with it. When the supper carriage loads came, we ate whatever was the season's food, huckleberry shortcake or ginger bread, green corn on the cob or cut off in milk, and we always had hot or warmed up biscuits, some fruit in season and good cake which was indispensable. The long tables were full either here or over there. We talked or played croquet, but I don't recall we ever had any other kind of games. In those days conversation, either worthwhile or foolish, was the usual entertainment. The Moss family had for a long time lived in the house, which very recently has been purchased and renovated by Edward F. Darrell. Earlier owners and occupants were Joseph and Grace Denison Noyes, and his brother, Nathan Noyes, who married Nancy Denison. My mother, Lucy Noyes, was born there. But the Moss family was there as early as I can remember.

William Chesebrough Moss married Edith Denison on her sixteenth birthday in 1832 when he was twenty-nine, and she used frequently to say that her oldest child William seemed more her age than her husband did. They were quite opposite in both form and disposition: he tall, straight, and thin, and a little stern-appearing; she rather medium in height, plump and merry. They were, however, an ideal couple. Their nine children all were born there—four boys and five girls grew up and then three of the boys went West into

business, and two daughters married and also moved West, one to Chicago and the other to Beloit, Wisconsin. The children of all these came back to the Moss place for the summer and filled the old house with life and joy. The two younger girls, Annie and Sally, were near the ages of Em and me so we went to school together, and we were always going over there through the woods or they were coming here.

Mr. Moss was the kind of man that commanded respect in his house, and one day when one of the little granddaughters, aged about four, had done something displeasing to him, he set her down in a chair and told her to sit there till he told her she could get up. Then he went off to Stonington trading as usual. When he came back, he forgot all about her and went to work in the fields. So she sat there not daring to get up, and no one of the family would want her to disobey her grandfather by letting her get up until he told her she could. There she sat, the greater part of the day, before Mr. Moss realized she was still there sitting in the chair, then he released her. I never heard but what she loved her grandfather just as much as ever afterwards.

There are descendants of the sons William, Amos, and Samuel, but none of the son John as he never married. He was the son who had a very unhappy experience with a young lady from Providence whom both he and his brother loved. Neither of them married her and she also never married. One daughter Elizabeth, always was the stay-at-home. She even refused to go into the front room to see a man who came to propose marriage. The daughter Mary married Charles Matthews, and she later was a practicing doctor in Providence and lived in much style for she had a large practice. The daughter Nellie was, I thought, the flower of the family, so cute looking, and such a light step and very pretty.

Joseph Lamphere worked for my father twenty years or longer. A great many of his provisions were taken home by my father in his buggy, as he was frequently going to the village on business,

and Joseph had no other way to get his groceries. He would come through the woods each morning from his home at Penny Pitch and do the needful things to carry on the farm. My father was usually away as he was a public man, but Joseph was good and dependable. Each night he stayed till nearly dark, and if my father had not come by then, he would go. Many a time I have seen my father unharness his horse. In summer Joseph would take a scythe and cut grass near the house and carry it into the barn and run it through the cutter, letting it fall into a deep trough. Then he would scatter meal on it and pour some water over it, taking the whole up with a big shovel and throwing it into the manger saying, "That is the best food a horse ever had."

North of the Lamphere house was the place where Uncle Billy Wheeler lived with his sister, Aunt Eunice, who never married. Quite late in life Billy Wheeler married Theresa M. Brown and they had four children, Frank, Fanny, William, and Albert. Except Fanny, all these are still living, and Frank Wheeler lived here with us on the farm for several years, a most dependable person. At nineteen the sister of Billy and Eunice Wheeler, Zerviah, married Silas Holmes, a seafaring man. They had a low story-and-a-half house built just west of her brother's home. This house was a perfect gem of fairyland to me, and where I always went whenever any pretext offered to see all the wonderful things, as Aunt Zerviah's husband brought many fine things from other countries. I was sorry in later years when the house was demolished.

"Aunt Holmes" after her husband's death and after her children were grown and married, chose to be a nurse. She tended all the babies, including myself, that came into the world at Stonington and nearby towns. She was a large woman and a fine nurse.

A little farther to the northwest still on the Al Harvey Road, lived David Stanton and his sister Mrs. Lucy Wheeler. All called her Aunt Lucy, and she and her brother, with his young son Daniel, were often at my home, he on business with my father and she be-

cause she loved us, as we did her. There was no place where we liked to go better than to their home with the big box tree in front of the house. Whenever we arrived there a picnic was forthcoming soon, so although it was quite a step up there from our home, no weather could keep us away.


David's and Lucy's parents were Edward and Martha Page Stanton, married in 1798. Lucy Stanton, born in 1806, became the second wife of Joseph Wheeler in 1852. He was the son of Joseph and Prudence Palmer Wheeler and a brother of Samuel Wheeler, A. G. Wheeler's grandfather. He was a very fine looking man to judge from his picture, and they had a very happy life in Saratoga Springs, New York. A daughter of this Joseph Wheeler, Mrs. Boothe, now lives in California on a most beautiful estate. She came here years ago with her son, and I have had correspondence with her, and Mrs. Henry Sinclair saw her estate when she was in California.

After Joseph Wheeler died, his widow, Lucy, came back from Saratoga Springs to Stonington to be with her brothers, Edward who lived near Old Mystic, and David, who lived as I said, on the farm south of the present Warren Wheeler farm. Aunt Lucy was a fine-looking person and very lovable, big-hearted and big-framed and happy. She was a great walker, often visiting her neighbors who were always delighted to see her. She cared for David's son, Daniel, who was then quite a little boy, as David had had a divorce from his wife. They lived in the small house through a gateway, off the present road from Warren Wheeler's to Penny Pitch, and which has been rented for many years to many people, but has recently been fixed up by Henry Wheeler, son of Alton Wheeler. It used to have an immense box shrub in front of the house which was sold for a large sum of money. Aunt Lucy Wheeler later owned the old weatherbeaten, clapboard house in Old Mystic which stands at the foot of the hill near the Baptist Church. She died there in 1904, aged 98, and is buried in the Stanton lot. She was a real daughter of the Revolution, as her father was wounded at Fort Griswold in 1781. The

Anna Warner Bailey Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution of Groton and Stonington gave her a gold spoon and had a reception for her in February 1904, at her Old Mystic home shortly before her death.

David Stanton was born in 1804 and became a medium-sized man, not tall, who stammered a good deal in conversation and became easily excited over his troubles. He married Mary Whiting Parks, and they had one son, Daniel, who went to school where I did. This Daniel Stanton was a sort of girl-looking boy, with soft hands and very white skin, and was very gentle. Later he attended the Mystic Valley Institute, kept by Professor John K. Bucklyn, a veteran of the Civil War. In Mystic, Daniel got into a fight with another boy about a girl student here and hurt the second lad so that he died. Daniel stood trial and was sent to the Philadelphia prison. Upon his release he married the girl and they went to California, where they adopted a boy who when grown up was a great help to them. Finally Daniel and his adopted son started a chain of self-service stores which made them a good deal of money. Once Daniel came back to Stonington and gave quite a sum of money to clean up the old Stanton graveyard near where Daniel Cronin now lives. It was reported that he was going to leave a large sum in his will to keep it in good repair, but I never have heard that he did. He died in California.

Some Good Friends

O THE EAST OF US, on the Taugwonk Road, was a house where now the Stuart Webbs live, where Mr. and Mrs. Charles Davis then resided, always called "Gentleman Charles" to distinguish him from the other Charles Davis who lived nearby. The older "Gentleman" Charles Davis did look like a gentleman and not so much like some farmers. He had a fine manner and was rather slight and good-looking. I never knew that they were related, not near anyway, but their homes were not far apart. The other Charles Davis lived where John Cronin lives on the Post Road. His middle name started with an M, but I do not know what it stood for, though sometimes he was called "Charlie Mollie" Davis to distinguish him from his namesake neighbor. He was quite stout and ruddy, married, and had several children. One of his daughters married Oscar Pendleton of the Borough and they had two daughters, who are now living in the Borough on Main Street. They recently took down their big house and built a smaller one on the corner of Main and High Streets.

Mrs. "Gentleman" Davis was short and fat with very black hair and eyes. They had lost their little girl the year previous, so Mother dressed Em and me up whenever we had anything new and would start us off to see Mrs. Davis, who loved little girls because we reminded her of her own child. We were about eight and five then.

Their only son Charles was good-looking, rather indolent, but dear to the hearts of his parents. He was quite a beau for the girls about, but after some time his mind settled on Mary Miner, the Deacon's daughter. After their marriage they lived in the new house built for them, where now Mrs. Genevieve Thibdeau lives. The Dea-

con was Ezra Miner, son of Thomas Miner and Lydia York, and he married in 1823 to Desire Hewitt. Thomas Miner had a brother, Christopher, who married Mary Randall and their descendant is Dr. Roy Miner whose summer home is at Putnam Corners. Thomas and Lydia had a daughter descendant, Mrs. Reuben Main, who lives at Cranston, Rhode Island, with her daughter. They were at the Road Church last summer and after service called on me, as I know Mrs. Main as Minnie Miner of North Stonington.

North of the Davis home was a big, old house where Farnsworth Wheeler now lives, which was then owned by Major General William Williams of Norwich, who with his family had lived there awhile. It had been built in 1739 by Samuel Miner and was occupied in 1861 by Mr. and Mrs. Denison Stewart who lost their little daughter when she was nine years old. I was three and Em was six but we walked up there with Aunt Mary Noyes, who was staying with us with her daughter Helen, and I distinctly remember how the silver dollars looked on little Ella's closed eyes when we were taken in to see her before the funeral.

The three Misses Williams lived in the big house with the cut-stone terraces on Taugwonk Road built by their great grandfather in 1750, now owned by Williams Haynes. They were three of six daughters born to John Pitts Williams and Cynthia York who were married in 1816. These three were left at home toward their middle life. When I was twelve or thereabouts, I used to love to go and see them.

Miss Harriet, the oldest, was well, but she had had a sad love affair. She had been engaged to John Hallam of the Borough, and he had gone to New York and caught the smallpox from which he died. She had her trousseau completed and his death must have been a great disappointment to her. Another daughter at home was Miss Cynthia who looked frail and had pink cheeks. Both Harriet and Cynthia were devoted to Miss Hattie, the sister who was in bed for many years. I don't know what was the matter, but her room was

always very dark so that I could hardly see her at all till I had been in there for quite a while. After some years a faith healer visited them who had blue glass panes put in her window and then she did get up. Afterwards all three would go about and make calls on their neighbors, driving a gray horse and carriage which was quite full. We loved to have them call here.

A cousin finally came to live with them and take charge of their farm, John Avery, a good man, who lived there till their deaths. They had one brother, John Pitts, who married Harriett Wheeler and lived near them. Of the other three sisters Phebe married Noyes Ladd and their three sons were drowned which caused sorrow for them all. Another sister Elizabeth married Andrew Chapman and went to Illinois to live, and Ann married a Mr. Sampson and also went West. The sisters at home had relatives who were interested in them, and when Captain Charles P. Williams died he left them certain shares of money, as he did to many Stonington people, and at their deaths the money came back into his estate.

Among the life-long friends in the Road Society, or more explicitly, the Road Church Women's Missionary Society, one person who stands out, although several years younger than I, was Mary Billings. Her early home was where Mr. and Mrs. Stuart Webb now reside, and after her marriage to Arthur G. Wheeler she lived in the next house south on Cherry Hill. For many years she and her children have been our nearest and dearest neighbors, and as it is near enough we walked up there often or she came oftentimes here. Every year she has always remembered our birthdays with cakes and strawberries from her garden. Many a fresh pie right from her oven has graced our table, especially on a Sunday noon. Just now, today, a plate with roast chicken and vegetables has been brought over. When she was quite young, while she did not have a special team or horse to make trips to town, we arranged to hang a white cloth from our east garret window which meant that we were going somewhere that afternoon and that if she wanted to go, to come on

over. So we got along without a telephone, but wigwagged like ships at sea. She never forgot those days and our help to her in these ways, and so this love between us of blessed memories is a joy to recall.

Rev. Malcolm Garland of Park Church, Norwich, has recently said, "The ability to remember is one of the most wonderful and important faculties of the human mind and exercises a greater influence upon our lives than is commonly realized. If we choose the pleasant memories, the circle of our friendships will widen and our life will grow in happiness and we will win the love and admiration of our fellow men."

A famous household of good friends were the Stanton Brothers, John, Daniel, Frank, Paul, and Mason. My father said of them in his book:

Sons of Benjamin F. and Maria Davis Stanton of Stonington, after the death of their father, associated themselves in a business partnership, under the firm name of the Stanton Brothers, and as such became the proprietors of five large, productive farms, which they jointly cultivated successfully through life, establishing a reputation for honorable dealing in all of their business intercourse with their fellow citizens, characterized with the strictest integrity and economical industry.

Of their four sisters, Abby Jane married Giles Williams, and they became Mrs. Josephine Middleton's grandparents. Emma Ann married Charles H. Smith and had one child, Emma, now dead, who never married. She gave us the Parish House at the Road Church. Maria, the third daughter, was a great worker in temperance, missionary and religious causes, who never married. Although Fanny was engaged twice she never married for the men changed their minds. She brought up two little daughters that her sister Abby Jane left. On a trip with her husband on Lake Erie in 1841 Abby was burned to death on the steamer "Erie" and he was saved. So there are no descendants from this large family except Mrs. George Middleton

and her two Williams granddaughters of Quoquetog Hill and her daughter and grandchildren of Montreal, Canada.

The Stanton brothers were delightful men, but a Quaker ancestor some generations back gave them a desire for the life of a bachelor. So none but Paul married. They were all called "Uncle" by us and many others. John, the oldest, had very thick, beautiful, white hair and a mild, sweet face with very pink cheeks. He died in 1882 at the age of seventy-three. Uncle Dan looked like a frontiersman. He wore his big, broad felt hat in the house as well as out-of-doors and was full of very laughable stories of the sea, which he told on every occasion. Uncle Frank was more or less in politics. He was born the same year as my father, 1817, and was sent to the Legislature in 1870 and 1873, and was selectman from 1870 to 1876. Uncle Mason was full of fun and jokes and was the last one who died, in 1894.

Paul's wife was Marcia Denison of Pequotsepos, the Denison homestead and they lived where Mr. and Mrs. Rand Jones now reside, with her brothers, John and Daniel. Frank and Mason with their sister Maria and their niece Emma lived in the "new" Stanton house across the lot, where Leonard Robinson now lives. The wedding of Paul Stanton and Marcia Denison was a result of many meetings. The men and women who met socially at special times would always get Paul and Marcia together and would congratulate them jokingly till it finally dawned upon them that they were meant for each other. Great was the rejoicing when they were married, and it is a true saying they lived happy ever after at the "old" Stanton place.

At their home many gatherings for the church and for the minister were held, and there every summer relatives from New York came to stay with them and helped in any way that was needed in the church. Donation parties for the minister were among the good times when all who could possibly come gathered in someone's house and brought some good eatables or groceries for the supper for that evening and to be given the minister and his wife when they went

home. Uncle Paul was fine-looking and very hospitable. His death was very sudden and a great shock. We were to have had a strawberry festival on that date, which was also my birthday, July 8. He went to Old Mystic that morning, and about noon his horse and buggy came home without him. They found him near the gate to his own property. Presumably he had gotten out to open it and the horse went through, but he expired there. The festival was deferred and all went to his funeral.

The Marcia of this home was a sister of Captain Edgar, Nathan, and Oliver Denison and several girls, Sarah, Phoebe, Martha, and Emma Jane, who lived at the Denison Homestead, the present museum and wildlife sanctuary. This Denison family was the salt of the earth in my estimation. I can recall going to their home with my grandmother and my delight in seeing little Annie (later Mrs. Stanton Gates) and her sister Lydia or "Lily" as we all called her, being mothered by all three of the women, until I never could tell which was the children's mother. Lily was the sweet child who likened a snow storm to "God's shaking his feather bed." She wanted, when she should die, to "sit next to Mrs. God in Heaven."

Pequotsepos, the Denison homestead, has always been almost like another home to me. My grandmother, Grace Denison Noyes, was born there in 1800 and at the last of her life she lived in my home until her death in 1887. She was always talking of the old place, telling us stories about the strange indentations in the rocks near the door, which are where the Devil came and sat and walked about, leaving those imprints. We often went with her to see her nieces who lived there, Aunt Sarah and Phoebe Denison. Their brother, Captain Edgar Denison had brought home his wife, Margaret Mandeville from Brooklyn, New York.

Grandmother's parents were Oliver Denison of Pequotsepos and Martha Williams of Quoquetog Hill, who were married June 1, 1786. They had a family of nine children, five boys and four girls. Their sons were Oliver, Justin, Elam, Luke, and Thomas Jefferson,

and the daughters were Marcia, who married Warren Palmer; Martha, who married Daniel Chesebrough; Grace Billings who married Joseph Noyes, and Eunice Williams, who married Thomas Noyes, brother to Joseph.

My great grandfather Oliver Denison died when quite young, aged fifty-nine years, but Martha his wife, lived thirty-eight years afterwards till she was ninety-three. She smoked a pipe when she was aged, for my Uncle Charles S. Noyes told me, remembering this of her. For some time in her latter years, she lived with her granddaughter and husband, Noyes and Martha Brown, who lived near her old home in the house with the pillars where Mr. and Mrs. E. A. Olds, III, now live. She gave her many things, as her granddaughter had been named for her. This same Mrs. Noyes Brown gave me two coffin-lid silver spoons, one large and one small, marked "O. W. D." In turn I gave them to Martha Williams, Fanny Sinclair's daughter, when young Martha married Grover Coffin. As she was a great, great granddaughter of this Martha Williams Denison, it seemed doubly suitable for her to have them.


My grandmother's education was begun at the old school house on the extension of Slaughterhouse Hill Road. It stood near the big rock on the north side as you go to Mystic, and she told me she could put her hand out of the window and wash off her slate in the pools in the rock after a rain. Later she went to school near the Road Church in the schoolhouse which stood then a little southeast of the present church building. Among the scholars was a little French boy of whom she was very fond and she told me of his different ways of pronouncing words.

That same year, 1818, when she married she took from her home at Pequotsepos a painting of the coat-of-arms of the Denisons, which had long been a part of the family treasures. With all her movings from one farm to another (I know where she lived in ten different places) she always kept the coat-of-arms. After her death this and the original will of Captain George Denison, which my father

owned, were placed in the Denison homestead and are there today.

I also recall seeing a very old framed oil portrait which grandmother's sister, Mrs. Thomas Noyes owned. When I boarded with her in Mystic in 1877 she showed it to me and said that it had belonged to Ann Borodell Denison. After the death of this Eunice Noyes, her daughter broke up their home and went to live with several relatives, and the last I knew of that picture was of its being put with many other antiques in the Asa Fish house on the farm, and later it seems to have been disposed of without the knowledge of the owner or relatives.

The Road Church

E ALWAYS WENT TO CHURCH "at the Road," the very first church in Stonington, founded in 1674. The first minister was an ancestor on my mother's side, the Rev. James Noyes, who came here from Newbury, Massachusetts, for his first pastorate. He married Dorothy Stanton, daughter of the famous Thomas Stanton, the Interpreter General to the Indians for the United Colonies. They stayed right here all their lives, till he died in 1719. James Noyes was a doctor of bodies as well as of souls and the old church records say "He lived much beloved and died much lamented."

I recall going to church when very young and sitting beside my father, holding hands, and his were always so warm. The first minister I remember was Rev. Paul Couch, who came from Jewett City and drove down every weekend and boarded at one of the church member's houses. I was then between three and four years old, and he was our minister twenty-three years. Father told how his first Sunday here the Rev. Paul drove his high carriage into the shed and didn't allow for the low entrance, and how when the top ripped off, the men all laughed, the minister as heartily as the others.

I liked the minister's wife, Mrs. Couch, for she always had some candy in her pocket to give the children. She was large and plump and cheery-looking, not one to be afraid of, while her husband was tall and thin and rather ministerial. I was always a little awed by him and imagined he would say something to me of a religious nature and I would not know what to say to him in return. But all he ever did say, after putting his hand on my head, was "Does this little girl say her prayers?" and I needed only to answer, "Yes, sir."

The first person I remember at church was elderly Deacon Samuel Copp, who used to stand during the long prayer. He wore a long, light overcoat and had very big ears. I would peek around and watch him at his seat in the center of the church. He was made deacon in 1802 and was called "Deacon" for many years. In 1818 another man was appointed deacon, but Uncle Sam always retained the title. Others whom I recall were Aunt Dolly Palmer, a little lady who sat in the front pew, and Aunt Fanny Hobart, who lived opposite the parish house. They were always at church. Aunt Dolly took much interest in the Sunday school and was a teacher for many years, and her brother, Deacon Noyes Palmer, was superintendent.

When the Road Church reached a hundred years in 1774 there must have been a celebration, as there were then many living about the church who could help on such occasions: Jonathan and Esther Denison Wheeler, who lived where Irving Dawley now resides; Nathaniel Gallup and Mrs. Hannah Gore Burrows, who lived at the old Gallup place near Greenmanville; Amos and Welthea Dean Gallup, just west of where the Harold Pitmans now have their summer home; Abel and Sarah Hubbard Hinckley in Wequetequock; Dr. Silas Holmes, who lived in the Borough; Manassah Miner near the Borough; Nathaniel and Ann Denison Miner; Deacon Thomas and Isaac Miner and their wives; Mrs. Esther Denison Cottrell; Asa Miner who lived in Quiambaug; Nathan Noyes and his wife, who lived in the little house that is now our parish house. There were also many Palmers, Wheelers, Williams, Denisons, and others, and of course, they would be interested to celebrate for their church, though nothing is said in the records about it.

When another hundred years have rolled around and it is 1874 what a wonderful time that was in our church! For months the anniversary celebration was talked about and meetings were held in different houses to discuss what should be done.

Three years previously J. Warren Stanton, who had recently married Emmeline Palmer, and who lived in what is now Elise

Owen's house on the North Road, had given \$10,000 to our church if we could match the amount. We accomplished it, as people elsewhere whose ancestors had lived here responded generously and all here gave to their best ability.

As the day approached, invitations were sent out to the neighboring churches and from each church some were appointed to contact all their members to urge them to come bringing with them foods. Some great tables were placed under an immense tent spread in the lot in front of the church, where now it seems impossible that it could have then been all cleared land with no bushes or trees. The tent seemed to fill the whole field, and those tables were loaded with good things brought in by all the churches. The people came in flocks; the roads were full of carriages and teams; everybody was smiling, very happy to be present. The many interesting letters from those who could not attend were given in the *History of the Church*, published in 1875, written by my father, containing also the old records of members and proceedings. The invitations to the Bi-Centennial Picnic Celebration had the dates of 1674 and 1874 on either side and the following words:

The descendants of the Founders of the First Congregational Church of Stonington, Conn., have made arrangements for the two hundredth anniversary of the organization thereof, on Wednesday, June 3, 1874, commencing at 10 o'clock a.m., at their church edifice and have elected the various officers for the occasion, and you are hereby cordially invited to accept. Please signify your acceptance of this invitation at your earliest convenience to Miss Maria Stanton or Miss Eliza M. Wheeler, and the following program to begin at precisely 10 a.m.

Singing by the choir.

Voluntary, Invocation by Rev. Paul Couch, pastor.

Reading of Scripture, Rev. William Clift.

Greeting by J. Warren Stanton, Esq.

Hymn 136, Tune Denmark.

Historical Address by Hon. Richard A. Wheeler.

Poem and Hymn composed for the occasion by Miss Annie L. Smith; to be read by Rev. James A. Gallup.

Hymn sung by the choir, tune Auld Lang Syne.

Address by Rev. Gurdon W. Noyes; topic, God's Providence in Providing for His Church.

Commemorative Ode by Rev. Federick Denison.

Singing, Hymn 1336.

Benediction; Adjourn 12:45; Collation at 1 p.m.

At that time everybody spoke to everybody else, and the younger element were having the best time talking and flirting with others. Eating was going on all around the field. Some stayed in the church while food was passed to them and the whole scene was vivid with Christian love and zeal. Services were resumed in the church at 2 p.m. by singing by the choir.

Prayer by Rev. N. B. Cook.

Singing Hymn 339, tune Coronation.

Sermon by Rev. Paul Couch.

Hymn 1312.

A recess of five minutes.

Poem by Rev. A. G. Palmer, D.D.

Hymn 1324.

Welcome to the children churches by Dea. B. F. Williams.

Sentiment, North Stonington; Response by Rev. J. R. Bourne, Sentiment, Second Congregational, Stonington Borough; Response by Rev. Asher H. Wilcox.

Sentiment, Mystic Bridge; Response by Rev. William Clift.

Singing of an anthem by the choir.

Three-minute speeches.

One of these speeches was by Eugene Palmer from New Orleans, brother to Thomas and Alden Palmer. Then singing of the Doxology, with a prayer and benediction by Rev. Joseph Whittlesey. The meeting adjourned at 7:30 p.m.

The organist was Dwight Gallup of Ledyard, who was a farmer but full of music and a wonderful organist. The men and women had previously met to decorate the church, pitch the tent, and arrange the tables. Mrs. Elias Brown contributed for the occasion two of the largest century plants in this section of the country. The floral decorations were by Mrs. Ellen Phelps Edwards, Mrs. Mary Copp Williams, and

Mrs. Susan Smith Palmer. The galleries were draped and bore the names of the ministers of the past, also the English and American flags. A large flag bearing in big letters the word WELCOME floated from the church, and flags flying above the tent gave evidence that the church meant what it said of welcome for all.

I had a grand day myself and I am thinking that in twenty-seven years there will be occasion for another celebration, the three hundredth anniversary. In 1974 the boys and girls of today and even those in the twenties and thirties will be taking part to make a grand celebration of our Faith in God and belief in His church. Now we are planning a two hundred and seventy fifth celebration for 1949.

My sister Em and I joined this church the Sunday after the bicentennial when I was sixteen years old, and I have loved the old church and worked in it and for it ever since. I was Sunday School teacher for over thirty-five years, beginning the Sunday before I joined in 1874.

I went to Sunday School when I was very young and my teacher was Miss Harriet Palmer, the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Alden Palmer. She was little and rather deformed from a hurt when she was young, but she was just lovely, and I and all the other children loved her dearly. Sometimes we had the school hour in the gallery and sometimes down below, but wherever it was, she was always there to talk with us and express herself in her happy way as to what would help us to grow up better children. After several years when I was older, I helped her teach, and we divided the class. I had the smallest ones, and then finally she gave them all over to me and I had them go upstairs in the first room at the left of the stairs where we had chairs and the children were by themselves.

Some very funny experiences did I have with those children. One little girl, Annie Williams, exclaimed right in the middle of our talk about the lesson, "I've got a new hat with a red feather on it," which evidently was of more consequence to her than the lesson. I can recall those children as they were then, many of whom have grown up to

be fine men and women. Some have gone to their home above and only a few are now living, though Charlie Fish, from Providence, only recently told me "I remember when you were my Sunday School teacher and you gave me a Bible which I still have," but I did not recollect that.

The very first name on my list when I began teaching in Sunday School is John Wilcox. He came from a large family of children who lived at the old Copp place below Quoquetog hill. All of them came to the Road Sunday School and some of them I see occasionally even now. Many of my children have made good progress in life, and some are in business and many have gone away so I have lost track of them and I cannot tell how much they have done to make the world better.

Frank and Clarence Williams became successful businessmen; Frank and Randall Smith, successful farmers; George and Benjamin Gray, merchants in New London; Harry Rhodes Palmer, a successful poultryman; Frank Noyes, in the fishing business in New York; Samuel Williams, a businessman in Philadelphia; Will Moss, Assistant Judge of the Supreme Court in Providence; Farnsworth and Arthur Wheeler, also good farmers; Donald Wheeler, mayor for many terms of Hudson Falls, New York; Oliver and Justin Denison, thriving farmers; Ira H. Noyes, well-known surgeon in Providence; Noyes and Howard Merrill, businessmen; Paul Merrill, aviator; Henry Lord, telephone businessman; Will and Sanford Billings, successful farmers.

Among the girls are Mary S. Wheeler, successful business woman in New York and Washington; Grace Wilcox Packer, nurse and head of an invalid home in New London; Hattie Brown, Lucy Billings, May Noyes, and Dorothy Wheeler, school teachers; Jennie Wheeler, happily married and a successful homemaker; Emmeline and Delia Palmer, Virginia and Edith McKinney, Marion and Marie Wheeler, Clara Crandall, Mary and Priscilla Billings, happily married and all successful homemakers.

One little boy, a relative of Miss Harriet Palmer, came to Sunday School one day and he was very shy and buried his face in her skirts but would not look up at the others. Finally he had to be taken out of the church and went home, and he never came again.

Every Sunday, nearest the full moon, the children gave a concert in the evening. People came from all about as the occasions provided quite the place for young men to bring their best girls. At this time of the month it was better to drive, for we had to carry oil lamps with us to light the building. Our lamps were large, with big chimneys and white marble standards. Other friends brought the largest ones they had, so that the church was quite well lighted.

At these concerts the organist of the church always played on the "downstairs" organ, which was smaller than the one we have in the auditorium now. As the years went by we had different organists; Em Palmer, mother of Mrs. George Spalding; Mary Noyes, daughter of Paul Noyes, who lived on the Post Road where the Critchersons do now; and at the time of the bicentennial celebration of the church in 1874, Dwight Gallup from Ledyard.

The concerts had an enviable reputation as the years went by, and I was always delighted to help. Deacon B. F. Williams, who was Sunday School superintendent for many years and I would make out a program, and everything would go along pretty well. Many children of the summer visitors came and they would sing and recite. Now grown old, they recall these evenings when, despite the fright of going up front and sometimes even up to the pulpit platform, they bravely stood up to do their part. The summer children were mostly from the Moss family, the younger Wilcox children, and the Merrill children. Ira Noyes, now Dr. Noyes of Providence, sang one evening, though now he declares he never did have any voice. Often those who were the most faint-hearted at first, came to be very courageous and helpful.

In my time any group assembled at the church drew from all the

neighboring villages as well as from our own Road District. Those especially interested in church affairs here were Deacon Noyes Palmer, his sister Aunt Dolly, Elias and Noyes Brown, Noyes and Aleck Palmer and their sons; Aunt Maria Stanton and her five brothers, although only two of them, Paul and Frank, came to church regularly, but they all were to be depended upon whenever any help, especially financial, was needed.

Many others who usually came each Sunday were Dr. and Mrs. Francis Manning, her sister and husband, Mr. and Mrs. Abel Simmons, all from Mystic; Mr. and Mrs. Elias Brown and Mr. and Mrs. Enoch Brown, all of Old Mystic; Colonel James Brown and his two sisters, Miss Ann and Miss Elizabeth, from up in the country; Deacon Sam Copp's sister and her husband, Mr. and Mrs. Leonard Williams from Old Mystic; Colonel John Hull and his wife came, and he always was as straight as a ramrod, either sitting or standing. Paul Noyes' daughters were both fine singers and they always sat in the balcony with the choir. "Uncle Tom" Palmer was also a great singer.

Abby Jane Williams had a beautiful soprano voice and she sang duets with Harriet Palmer. Mrs. Sarah Norman came to church; she was aunt of the Chamberlain family in the Borough. Mr. and Mrs. Charles P. Noyes used to live with Mr. and Mrs. Calvin Sutton who were parents of Mrs. Liance Cottrell, at the old house off Pequot Trail, now owned by Mr. and Mrs. Donald Eccleston. The elder Mr. and Mrs. Seth N. Williams were followed into church by their four sons, Charles, Willy, Seth, and Sam. The big William Moss family filled two seats. Mr. and Mrs. Nathan Noyes always brought children and grandchildren to surround them. Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Edwards brought their two children, Libby and Eugene. James Norman was an Englishman who used to play a bass viol, a novelty to us. Mrs. James Noyes always sat near the front with her dwarf son, Thomas. Mr. and Mrs. Edmund Noyes were active in the church as treasurer of the school and workers among the poorer residents who needed help with clothes or food. Many a gar-

ment was made by Mrs. Noyes which helped to keep the children warm in winter weather and clothed them for school during summertime.

Nearly all these people had children who accompanied them to the morning service, and almost everyone stayed to the Sunday school which followed. There were classes of men and women, some quite old, and then another for medium age, also a class for young men taught by Emmeline Palmer, mother of Mrs. Emmeline Palmer Spalding. The older girls were taught by Maria Stanton; the younger by Harriet Palmer, and later by my sister Em and me.

While they gathered on the ground before the church after meeting, folks took time to talk of other matters as well as of the minister's sermon. The little school house cottage which now stands west of the church used to stand almost directly in front of it, as the first early church building stood further to the west than the present one does. Summer and winter church service at the Road was a great, friendly meeting place of all the neighbors from all the homes about here.

In all these old homes which have of late years been taken over by so many people from the cities, there then lived families whose chief object was to help in the church, and to do good, and to work for the uplifting of religion in the community. And they did, as records show, for while Rev. Mr. Couch was at the Road from 1863 to 1886, there were thirty-three admissions to the church in six of these years and many baptisms. These old homes have been renovated and made beautiful, but the people who once lived in them can never be improved upon as they were Godly and upright.

Trips and Visits

I WAS SEVEN YEARS OLD the first time I recall going away from home for any length of time. It was when I went by train with my mother to Providence to visit her sister-in-law, Jane Harding, who had been wife of her brother Cyrus Noyes. He had died shortly after their marriage on a Fourth of July when he fell from a cherry tree, up at their home in Old Mystic, striking on a picket fence, and paralyzing him so that he died almost immediately. Aunt Jane later married Dr. James Dean, a minister, a tall, thin, rather severe man, who had come to Old Mystic to preach in the Methodist Church. Dr. Dean had two little daughters, Addie and Mary, with him, and Aunt Jane who was a great worker in that church took them all to her home, and later felt it her duty to marry him and care for those children. Their mother had been a southern lady, Mary Harris, who had owned many slaves, but he would not allow her to keep them as slaves, so they all had been freed before her marriage. These little girls were about the same ages as Em and I, and we were always very good friends.

In Providence Dr. Dean had a church, and our stay with them was very pleasant. I can still visualize the little black and white check dress trimmed with narrow blue ribbon, which I wore. How often we made the trip to the store of a Mr. Francis who had penny candy for sale, and how we children loved it, even as I do now.

Many years later Mary Harris Dean became quite an invalid and was not able to go to church next door, so I was with her many weekends. She was a fine character and helper in the Methodist Church in Old Mystic where she lived in her deceased stepmother's home. Her sister Adeline was a business woman and away from home ex-

cept for summer vacations. She had felt the need of earning her own living, for she realized that Mary would need all the money their mother had left, and she wanted her to have it all. I had been appointed to settle Aunt Jane's estate so I had the money to pass over to them every month and it was sufficient for Mary. Only a few years before Mary died, Addie came home to make a prolonged stay, as she was not feeling well, but she seemed quite normal. One morning the Methodist minister of Old Mystic, Mr. McLennen, telephoned me to say that Addie was dead, having drowned herself in the mill pond opposite their home. I went over and found Mary in despair. The next day I found a long letter from Addie which she had written to her sister, saying she was going away and Mary would be much better off without her. She meant financially. It was a hard blow to Mary who was frail. Soon after this a half-brother, James Dean, left quite a large estate to the sisters for their lives and then it was to go to some old lady cousins in Chicago. As Addie had gone Mary had the use of it, but only for a short time, as she was taken worse. After being in an invalids' home a short while over in New London, she came to Mystic, where she died in a nursing home.

My earliest visit to Norwich was when Em and I went with Mother for a few days' stay at Elizabeth Chapman's home whose mother, Phoebe Noyes, was own cousin to my Mother. We were then about seven and ten. Elizabeth wanted to show her country cousins what she could do to entertain them, so at eventime she started out with us and began teaching us how to ring doorbells and then run away before anyone came. She was a very amusing entertainer, we thought, and we enjoyed the lark as much as she did. This was all I ever could recall of that early visit, but the memory of it stands out vividly now. This is the same Elizabeth Chapman with whose grandmother Em and I boarded in Mystic when we all went to high school. Later in life, after her husband had died and her children were married, I stayed with her many weeks and she was always a fine hostess and entertainer.

When we were about twenty and seventeen Em and I made a visit near and about Boston, in Jamaica Plains with my cousins, Henry Clay Noyes and family, where we had a most delightful time, and then to his brother's, Nathan D. Noyes' home in Newton. They had a beautiful house and I well remember one day when Mrs. Noyes took us to drive in their victoria drawn by two high-stepping horses driven by their coachman. In order to show us a fine view we were to go up a steep incline and cross a bridge at the top. When we had almost reached the top we saw workmen with machines fixing the road. The horses saw them, too, and began to rear and back, when one of the workmen ran and grabbed them by their bits and pulled them down. With the coachman he took us over the hill past the machines and workers. We were pretty well frightened and thankful to have escaped uninjured.

Then we made a visit to Em's cousins at Holbrook the other side of Boston at Mr. and Mrs. Frank Lincoln's house. Mrs. Lincoln had been at our home every summer from the time she was old enough to come till she was married. It was holiday time and Christmas Eve, as we had all attended the church for an entertainment with a tree, where there was a large crowd of people and a happy time.

Later, settled in bed for the night, we were awakened by shouts of fire, and the very place where we had been merrymaking was burning. Of course there was great excitement in our house as we were very near. There were so many things to do as it seemed as if this house would certainly burn. To get our clothes on right was a big job then, and to dress the baby, May Lincoln, was certainly a new task for Em and me as everything seemed to be upside down or wrong side out when we were hurrying to get out of the house. Mrs. Lincoln was trying to pack some of her best articles, all the while the fire company was trying to do its best to prevent the spread of flames, which they finally did. Next day Mrs. Lincoln found she had packed her best bonnet in the same box with her silver and had put some old stockings in a very safe place. By that time all this was laughable for all

of us. The rest of our visit was delightful and several years later my sister Em stayed with them for some time when taking voice lessons at the New England Conservatory of Music in Boston. The Lincolns were always good friends and their children and grandchildren have been with us summers for many years.

On this same trip I went from Holbrook to Plymouth, Massachusetts, with a number of young people with picnic lunches who went for the day. It was a very different Plymouth from what it is now. As I have since been there several times with Mr. and Mrs. Charles Allyn. In those days it was just another picnic place with the rock as the attraction, and not much else to see except as your imagination imbued it with romance and admiration for our early forefathers and mothers. More recently Plymouth has blossomed out with another kind of beauty with a great many statues and Pilgrim places marked to show the points of interest to tourists. Since the Mayflower Society was formed with its yearly meetings on Compact Day, people flock to see the historic place. It is truly interesting to see the townspeople dressed in oldtime garb, walking two by two up to the church for the early Sabbath service to commemorate 1620 and to visit the old graves on the hill where one can find many names. Some of these will be your own ancestors (if you have found your Mayflower line) and your spark of interest will be kindled into a warm rush of historic sentiment and a desire to know more of what the early people had to endure. Among the beautiful statues are now represented the Indian maiden and the Puritan maiden, and many paths are marked where the early people walked. One feels that Plymouth is really the cradle of our country and is proud to be one of many to visit this patriotic shrine.

When Em and I were in Mystic attending high school, five of our friends joined in many of our adventures. The seven of us were: Freelove Clark, who married Fred Stoll of New London, who was ticket agent in the station there a long while. They moved to Boston and are now both dead. Agnes Tribble, who married Elliot H. Pea-

body of Worcester, Massachusetts, and they are both dead. Emily and Eliza Denison, twins, never married. Eliza died young, but Emily lived many years after. Elizabeth Chapman married Burrill A. Herrick of Norwich. He has died but Mrs. Herrick is in Providence with her daughter and son-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Everett Byles. Em and I are the others. Em married Seth N. Williams and they are both gone, and I am writing this story.

Agnes' father, Captain Fred Tribble, had a small steamer, the *Kelsey*, which was here in the summer and South in the winter, and we were often guests on board. It was used as an excursion boat and ran to Block Island or Fishers Island with pleasure parties and was in great demand. One night we were on board coming home from Block Island when a thick fog came up, but Captain Tribble kept moving as long as he thought best. At last he stopped and announced that we would have to stay where we were until the fog cleared. Then everyone began looking for places to sleep. There were only three cabins on the boat. One was the Captain's, one was Agnes', and the other was ours, so all others were forced to sit or lie down on the deck and soon it was literally covered with stretched-out forms. The band played as long as they could keep their eyes open and then they, too, took to the floor.

Captain Tribble had on board as purser a young man, John Churchill of Boston, who of course was an attraction for the girls to go often on the boat. He was very polite to all, and later his place was taken by a Mystic young man named Rafferty. This Block Island trip was long talked about, but it cleared in the morning and we were all glad to see land and get back safely.

Early in the 1880's Agnes married Elliot Peabody of Worcester and Em and I were bridesmaids at the wedding in Mystic on a winter's day, with deep, high snow drifts. We had to be taken to Mystic in two carriages, Father taking one and Joseph Lamphere, our houseman, taking the other. We arrived in time though the bride was fearful we never could get there through the drifts and there was no

telephone to talk with them. The wedding went off all right and everything was fine.

Mr. Peabody was an educated man and Clerk of the Court in his native city, but very practical, while Agnes was just the opposite as she was very romantic. When I visited her in her pretty home she liked to have tea parties every day and to decorate with flowers and have her neighbors come in. When Mr. Peabody got back from his office at the Court House, he would sometimes take us with a big lunch into his buggy and drive to Lake Winnepesaukee or some other picnic spot where we could eat supper out-of-doors. Agnes was a very friendly spirit, she always wanted her family and friends to come and see her. For many years she was either here or boarding in Westbury summers, until once she went to Worcester to attend a wedding and while there fell and broke her hip. She was very ill for weeks and finally recovered, but her mind was affected and just recently she has fallen again and broken the other hip and went to a hospital where she died.

In 1876 everybody seemed to be going for a few days or more to the Centennial in Philadelphia, so it came about that my father and mother decided to go and took me and my cousin Elizabeth Chapman and my grandmother, Grace Denison Noyes, who was then 76 years old. Several of her relatives thought Grandmother was too old to attempt to go, but she said that with her large family she had never had the opportunity to go much of anywhere before, so she was going now. And she was the life of the party. Just the night before we were to start Mother went to see her to try and persuade her that she better not take the trip, but she said, "Lucy, you go right home, for I am going. The train won't wait for you."

After we got there Father was going through a narrow passage way and turned to her and said, "Mother, I don't know as you can get through here."

"Richard," she replied, "if you can get through, I guess I can," as he weighed two hundred pounds, she not a hundred.

At the time we went, a number of our church people went too, and when we arrived in Philadelphia so many people were pouring into the city that it was hard work to get rooms for the night. But we finally did and all ten were lodged together in one big room where a curtain was hung to give some semblance of privacy.

This was the first great American celebration after the Declaration of Independence and the Liberty Bell was much in evidence. There were many large buildings to lodge the exhibits, the Main Exhibition Building, the Art Gallery, Agricultural Building, Horticultural Building, Machinery Building, and Independence Hall, which in comparison to the one of 1776 was immense.

Elizabeth and I took in all the sights and were daily admirers of one Achille Parezi, an Italian, who played a certain make of piano to advertise its sale. He was very handsome and a fine musician and seemed to enjoy our admiration as much as we did his music. One evening we were all guests of a ventriloquist and magician which seemed marvelous, as he could pick eggs right out of a man's whiskers and pocket and do many marvelous things. The Art Gallery with wonderful paintings and pictures interested me the most, but there was too much for young heads to carry. We brought home some souvenirs, glass which we had seen blown, and little books giving pictures of some of the buildings.

Our greatest adventures were meeting strange people from all over the world and Grandmother, in her wheel chair with her son, Avery D. W. Noyes to take her about, saw some things which shocked her very much. We all came home feeling that the trip to the Exhibition in Philadelphia had been a great educational lesson. My sisters Eliza and Em had been before with the Moss family. Nearly everyone about here made the trip while the Exposition lasted.

I must not forget my trip to Portland, Maine, when I was about eighteen. I was appointed delegate from the Road Church and Eliza M. Denison was the delegate from the Mystic Congregational Church to attend a large missionary meeting there. We had known each other

from the time Annie Denison Gates had had a party at her home, the Denison Homestead, when she was quite young, and Em and I were about twelve and fifteen. Eliza and I were good high school friends as well as distant relatives.

We went by way of Boston, and while there between trains, bought several pounds of those luscious Toquay grapes and ate them on the train to Portland. We went to the home of the lady who was to entertain us and she was a very lovely person. The next morning I was so hoarse I could not speak aloud, so I told her I could not go to the meeting. She said, "You can go this afternoon, for I am going to have roast lamb and rich gravy for dinner with other things, and if you will eat that it will take all your hoarseness away, as those grapes were too acid for you." I did as she asked me to do, and to my amazement and joy, the hoarseness went, and I went to the service in the Congregational Church, where there was a large assemblage of people. As for the remarks and addresses I have no remembrance of them now, but I never forgot that rich food would take acid away, for me. Perhaps that is why I was sent to the meeting. Anyway I did learn something of value, and have passed it on many times, which in a small way is good missionary work.

About the most delightful visit Em and I ever made was to New York in 1878 and as we had never been there it was a great treat. First we visited Mr. and Mrs. Frank Grant. She was cousin to my mother and when they came to Stonington summers our home was where they always came to stay a while. They lived in Brooklyn. Mr. Grant was a grand escort and he took us to about every famous place in New York and Brooklyn. When we came back at night and rehearsed our day, Mrs. Grant would say, "You have seen more of New York than I have in all the years I have lived here."

We had many friends in New York who invited us to their homes and to theatres and for luncheons. My great uncle, William Noyes, entertained us and took us to church at the Fifth Avenue Presbyterian, where all the elite of the city went, and he showed us

many of the people by name. It was all new and wonderful to us, though New York then was not as New York is now. But Central Park was just as beautiful, and the luncheon at the Fifth Avenue Hotel just as grand, and Wall Street just as much the money center of America as it is now. Trinity Church was admired, and later Aunt Deb Vanderpool Williams told me her only child was buried in the churchyard there. The Park Row Building, then the tallest in the world, we visited and went up in the elevator many stories, and Mr. Grant asked us, "Now tell me which way is north," and we really could tell him. The Library was interesting to us except that it took so much time to get at any book we wanted to see. We saw St. Patrick's Cathedral, and Frank Palmer took us to the theatre one evening. Everything was just lovely, but I can't recall the play. The visit was one long to be remembered and I recall it now with all its fascinations. Mr. and Mrs. Frank Grant, where we made our home, have one son living, Frederick Grant, whose business is on Madison Avenue in New York City. France also owned a magnificent estate on Long Island where he spent the summers until his recent death.

On another visit to New York, on the way home from Washington, I walked up the new Riverside Drive to Grant's Tomb and had lunch at the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel which was the old hotel at Thirty-fourth Street, but then the finest in the city. There were then many skyscrapers and I was most impressed by the Flatiron Building which was thirty stories tall.

On another trip away from home in 1883 I went to Great Bend, Kansas, where my half-sister, Eliza Mary Tyler and her husband, Henry, lived on a ranch and raised wheat in great quantities. My high school friend in Mystic who had gone to Portland with me, Eliza Denison, was not well and tuberculosis was suspected, so her parents wished she could go West.

We left Norwich in May with her brother-in-law, John Cranstons, as caretaker, and had a fine trip on the train to Buffalo. When we went over Niagara bridge I leaned on the uphill side of the cars

as if I could balance them even. The falls were a great sight from the American side.

We stopped on the way at Detroit where a schoolmate, Brenton Copp, was in business manufacturing stoves. He lived with four other young bachelors in a big house and among them were Frank Gaylord whose family came from Gales Ferry and David Oliphant Haynes who married Helen Williams, cousin to my brother-in-law, Seth Williams. Brent took us about the city in a double buggy with a pair of white horses in great style and we enjoyed it all. The city looked wonderful to us, with its broad streets and big trees, but Brent and his white horses filled our eyes.

We changed trains again at Chicago and when we had reached Great Bend we were met by Eliza and Henry in a big wagon drawn by a pair of large mules. They took us about the town before starting for their house. It was a typical western town, with its broad streets, a few cottonwood trees, low buildings, small houses, a drug store, and a hotel where we often stopped. In the grocery stores where lumber was sold it was amusing to me to see bed bugs running over the lumber, but the merchants were not at all surprised as they said it was always so.

We stayed at the ranch throughout the threshing of the big wheat fields with machinery. A great many men were employed and they all had to be fed. Eliza did much of the cooking alone. We occupied ourselves with writing letters, reading books, and often sat under the big wagon, for it afforded the only shade as there were no trees on the place. You could look in every direction and see nothing but flat land. The roads were not even visible until you started to drive over them.

They had neighbors, quite a distance away, and we stopped to see them and were urged to stay and have chicken dinner with them. We did, and though things were not served in very much style, the food was delicious and generously given. I came away in July and returned home with friends from Chicago, Nellie Cook, Annie

Chesebrough and Blanche McKinney. Eliza stayed for a while longer, then thinking Colorado would be better for her health, she went to Pueblo. The altitude was too high and she was not as well, though she remained some months till her family was appraised of her poor health. Mr. Cranston then went for her and brought her home, where she lived only a short time.

Mr. Tyler sold his farm in Kansas in 1904 and he and Eliza came back to Stonington and lived at Old Mystic. She has since died at Groton where they had moved shortly before her death and Mr. Tyler died in New London.

Still another trip away from home was with Miss Rebecca Smith of Providence who was house mother for little Em Palmer, later Mrs. George B. Spalding. Miss Smith asked me to go with her and her sister to the White Mountains for a week or so. As Miss Smith had her sister with her I thought it would be fine for me to have someone with me, so I asked Fanny Hewett, who was ten years younger than I, to go, too, and she was delighted. She was the daughter of Dudley Hewett and Martha Gallup of North Stonington, but had come here to live in the old Gallup house on the Al Harvey Road near us to care for her mother's aunts and uncles who were old. Though quite young Fanny was quite a caretaker, too, as her mother had some trouble with her eyes and she had had to learn all about housekeeping.

We went to Providence and stayed overnight at the WCTU, and all left next morning by the steamcars for the White Mountains. We were in the observation train when we crossed Frankenstein Trestle and the view was startling and wonderful, as those who have been there know. All the way we looked and admired and at last we stopped at Intervale, where we were to make our home. We stayed at the Plymouth Hotel and went from there on trips to all the historic and scenic places. The team of dark horses and big wagon which took us about came from the Pendexter House with a driver. One morning we saw the sun shining on the Tip Top House, but

were never able to get there as a snow storm came and prevented us, but we saw and climbed up Mount Willard. We also saw Echo Lake, Crawford Notch, Franconia Notch, the Old Man of the Mountain, and last, but not least, the Fabyan House. There were many old houses about Intervale and we wanted to go into them to meet the people so we would ask for a drink of water. Usually the person talking with us would be quite old and she would ask us in. Once we were shown some beautiful china. One day we walked ten miles by actual count and got back feeling that we had enjoyed every minute of our jaunt.

This Fanny Hewett who went to the White Mountains with us later married a cousin of mine, Charles Williams, and we had a number of other trips together. One was to Hartford to see her aunt Emiline Miner who married Samuel Allen, and then to Springfield and Holyoke, where we ascended Mt. Tom in the cogwheel car. When I reached the top my ears roared so and my head felt so queer I never wanted to go so high again, though the view was just grand.

Another trip she and I made was to a Randall reunion in Boston, as Fanny's grandmother was a Randall. There we saw many antiques which had been in that family and much beautiful old family silver as well as some fine descendants of the early family of Randalls. We also visited the Christian Science church where I had an experience talking with a man who was a stranger and an atheist, as he told me. As I was far from that, I tried to convert him to be a Christian. He was a very intellectual man and spoke many different languages and had travelled all over the earth, but the best thing he had never known, to believe in God. At the last of our conversation he said to me, "I would give all I am worth to believe as you do and have your faith." Maybe he did have it later.

In the year 1900 I went with my friend Mary Dean of Old Mystic to Saratoga Springs for her health, as she had been there some years before and had received help. We stayed at Dr. Strong's where there were many other people, among them Mrs. Anne Allen Wood

from Georgia who was a most delightful person. With her we planned several drives about that country, including one to Mt. McGregor where President Grant died, from which point the view is grand.

We always included in our drives a minister who was staying there, George B. Spalding, very tall and thin. He might have been a better preacher if he had applied himself more to his sermons, but he had had somewhat of a nervous breakdown sometime before and so did not want to overwork. He was a pastor of the Congregational church. He seemed very grateful for our interest in him, and I finally discovered that his father and mine had corresponded a long time on genealogy, and that a number of his forebears had come from around Stonington. As he was about to leave the church at Saratoga Springs and wanted to get one elsewhere, I told him our Road Church was just then vacant and suggested he come here.

We stayed at Saratoga several weeks till Miss Dean decided she had better come home. So home we came, and shortly this minister wrote he would like to come to our church as a candidate. The committee decided to invite him, and he arrived at Stonington railroad station one bright moonlight night in February, where with my horse and carriage I had waited for the train after driving about the village for several hours till the delayed train came. When we drove home, Seth and Em awaited us in the dining room with an immense blazing fire on the hearth and a feast on the table.

He was here two weeks and at the same time we had a girl cousin from the West making us a visit. This minister soon proved to us that he was an only son and had been waited on a good deal. It took all of us to shut doors after him as in February, with no adequate heating of the whole house, doors needed to be closed, to keep out the cold air.

He preached two Sundays and then left to come back later when the Church Committee decided to give him a call which he accepted. He lived in various places while here and one day when he was at

our house Henry M. Palmer called, bringing with him his niece, Emmeline Palmer, whom we all admired and loved. They were introduced in our sitting room and after that they met many times, she seeing in him one of a fine family and a minister. She had graduated from Smith College and had a beautiful home. Her father had died and she was virtually an orphan as her mother was an invalid away from home all the time. What was more natural than that they should find a companion in each other, which resulted in their marriage, despite some grumbling among the congregation because all Em Palmer's money was going away when someone here might have liked it. After a time they lived in the Hull house on the North Road where now Mr. and Mrs. Philip Cottrell live. Em was a model wife for a minister, liking the work of missions in the Women's Society and helping in every way, so she was well fitted for her position.

Mr. Spalding was liked by some and not by others, as is often the case, so after a few years they went to Rocky Hill, where he had been called. As that place was near Hartford, it was a good opportunity for a minister to hear lectures and concerts, and they both enjoyed living there, and several of our church people visited them there when he was pastor of that Congregational Church. After several years they went South and at Coconut Grove, Florida, he was pastor. While there he was instrumental in building the beautiful Plymouth church. Many now can recall this minister, George B. Spalding, as he died not long ago in Florida and was buried in Stonington, beside his wife who had died a few years previously.

I was in Washington in 1903 for a short stay with Miss Julia Smith of Westerly, and one evening we wanted to call on our Connecticut Senator, Joseph R. Hawley, whom my father knew well. We were told his residence was not far from our house and we could walk it easily. So we started, and walked, and walked, deciding distances in Washington were greater than anywhere else. We finally did reach his home and spent half an hour with him.

When we were leaving, he said, "How were you brought here?" and we confessed that we had walked.

"If I had a cent of money with me," I said, "I would not walk back."

"No," he agreed, "it is too far for you to walk," and he slipped me a quarter and no money ever looked so good to me as that silver coin.

When I was young Senator Hawley's picture was in many books and papers as he was Governor of Connecticut in 1886, and whenever I came to his picture I would always say, "That is my man," because I liked the looks of him. He was roundfaced with a mustache and goatee and rather curly hair and a fine personality. In 1871 he was editor of the *Hartford Courant* which he had bought in 1867 and that was where my father used to see him as he was often in Hartford. The *Courant* office was one of the places where he met many congenial men as it was a strong Republican paper and Republicans gathered there to discuss politics.

From records, I find that Senator Hawley was born in Stewartsville, North Carolina, October 31, 1826, son of a Baptist minister, Rev. Francis Hawley. His father was from Connecticut and returned in 1837. After the son graduated from Hamilton College he was admitted to the bar in 1850 and practiced law in Hartford for six years. He served in the Civil War and rose from Captain to Major General. He was a member of Congress for five years and U. S. Senator twenty-four years. For fourteen days, he was ill, dying March 17, 1905. A great part of the success of the Centennial Exhibition in Philadelphia in 1876 was due to him as he was president of the Centennial Commission.

In 1907 I made a visit to a school friend in Norfolk, Virginia, at the time when they were having their tercentenary exhibition at Jamestown on a grand scale, and we visited it about every day for two weeks. I remember especially the large buildings at the exhibitions, and in particular one building in which everything was made

by colored people—the books they had written and pictures they had painted and everything was the work of their brains. The old stone church stood near the entrance of the grounds where John Smith and Pocahontas were said to have been married.

I was in Norfolk a month at Mr. and Mrs. Dick Stoll's, who had formerly lived in New London. While there I had word from the Rev. Randall Raswill Hoes, who had been a guest at our home in Stonington for two weeks, when his interest in his genealogy led him to copy inscriptions from many of the old graveyards. At this time he was chaplain of a battleship which was stationed in Norfolk and he invited me to look over the ship and to dine at the captain's mess as his guest. So I went and was, of course, the only woman at the table, where the men were all in formal uniform and everything in accord. The dinner and service were fine, but looking over the ship was far more interesting. I remember that the big guns, polished like silver, were large enough for the body of a man to pass through.

Norfolk was a delightful place and my host and hostess were anxious for me to see as much as possible. I recall the many oyster bakes we had, like our New England clam bakes. Everywhere we went we were entertained with an oyster bake. The oysters were served up in big pans and spilled out on white paper. Green corn also accompanied the oysters.

I had never heard the song "Dixie," but when I left Washington on a night steamer for Norfolk a group of college girls on board sang it for me with spirit so that it really seemed to belong to them as a Southern melody. The evening was bright moonlight, and when we passed Mt. Vernon it was well lighted and showed up plainly so the trip down the river was one long to be remembered.

On my return trip I stayed in Washington overnight. With a young chap who was employed by the city to guide strangers, I visited some of the interesting places again, found a fine place to stay overnight, left early next morning for home. I often think the best part of going away is getting back home.

I went to Washington again in 1910 as guest of Mrs. Edward Noyes and her daughter Ethyl, now Mrs. Robert Barkley, who were living there winters. The occasion was the D.A.R. Congress in May. I was a delegate from the Groton and Stonington chapter.


It was certainly a wonderful sight to see the President General, Mrs. Matthew T. Scott, and Regents from the different states coming into Continental Hall wearing most beautiful gowns and carrying flowers of every color. The music and flags made one proud of her country, and then to hear the reports of the good work done by the chapters. Every evening there were receptions at some hotel where one met Regents and members from all over the United States, and found them to be most delightful persons.

I became personally acquainted with Edwin A. Hill, Historian of the Mayflower Society, who lived on Cathedral Avenue, and he entertained one evening for all Mayflower members. Another evening we stood for hours waiting to get into the White House where the President with his wife received the members of the Congress. The crowd was immense, but everybody was smiling and patient, knowing that finally we would reach the Blue Room where President and Mrs. Taft received most graciously.

Upon my return, at the first meeting of our chapter held with Mrs. Mary Noyes Rogers of Westerly, I gave such a glowing account of the Congress and the dresses and beautiful women that the members said, "You are so enthusiastic that you make us all want to go."

If possible, everyone should go to Washington. There is so much to see, and now even more than when I was there, but even then there was the Washington Monument, the National Museum, the Corcoran Gallery, American Red Cross, the Lincoln Memorial, the United States Capitol, and many more, while everybody went to Mt. Vernon to see where Washington lived—and to view the Arlington burial place.

Weddings and Golden Weddings

Y GRANDPARENTS, Joseph and Grace Noyes, celebrated their golden wedding November 19, 1868, at their home on the road which runs from Anguilla across to the Stonington-Westerly road, on the high hill where there is a most extensive view. Here his father, Joseph Noyes, had lived many years before the son Joseph joined him with his wife and family.

The old house was large and painted white, with the inside shutters that very old houses often had. It was kept in fine condition, but now it is gone, and a small one stands in its place, owned by a Mr. Brocato who has a meat market in Westerly. My grandfather Noyes' house was just north of the farm of Dr. Charles M. Williams of Stonington Borough, recently sold to Mr. and Mrs. Stephen Hurlbut of New York, not far from Anguilla on the same hill with another beautiful view of the surrounding country.

Of the eight Noyes sons, only three were present at the golden wedding and two daughters, my mother being the only one of them married that was present. I was ten years old, and Em and I had a grand time running all over the house in the evening while the older people were preparing refreshments and talking. The church and ladies' society had brought a beautiful set of silver of seven pieces, with the name Noyes engraved on each, which they presented my grandparents. They also received three gold pieces, a gold ring, and a gold thimble. Presents then were not as common as now, so it was considered that they were well remembered.

Some very interesting letters were received and read aloud from friends and relatives who lived too far away to come. My grand-

father had three brothers, George, Nathan, and Paul, who were present with their families. Grandmother's one brother, Oliver Denison, and his wife were there. The Road Church and all the people about were well represented, and had come to enjoy the occasion. My chief remembrance of the evening was going over the house, upstairs and down, with the other children, and having a very happy time.

My grandmother Grace Denison's father had died when he was 59, leaving his estate, which was considerable for those days, equally to his daughters as well as to his sons, and they were considered wealthy for those days. Perhaps that was one reason his girls all married so young. They usually turned their money over to their husbands, who used it to buy stock for their farms.

Grandfather Noyes, one of seventeen children, was known as "Square Joe" Noyes. His second wife, Eunice Chesebrough, was a very pious woman who had had all their children baptized when some of the first wife's children were fifteen and older, which they did not want done.

This same grandfather Noyes had a brother, Nathan Noyes, who married Nancy Denison, and they also celebrated their golden wedding, November 23, 1878, just ten years after Joseph and Grace Noyes had theirs. When they were married, fifty years before, Nancy and her sister Lois had had a double wedding at the home of their mother, Mrs. Ethan Denison in the old house near Mr. Andrew Perry's present home. Rev. Ira Hart united the two couples in one ceremony just before the Sunday morning service at the Road Church. The older daughter, Nancy, who had married Nathan Noyes, and the wedding party went to the church service while the younger daughter Lois and her husband, Joseph Griswold of Coloraine, Massachusetts, started on their homeward trip by land immediately at the close of the ceremony, as it was quite a distance and in those days would take some time by horse and buggy. At their double golden wedding celebration, telegrams passed between

each family. Nathan and Nancy's son-in-law, David Gallup, who was in California, sent a telegram from the Golden Gate to the golden wedding party in Stonington. In both homes the honored couples were surrounded by their children and grandchildren and enjoyed a delightful time with friends, festivities, gifts and refreshments.

Years later a grandson of Mr. and Mrs. Nathan Noyes, Frank Lincoln Williams, went to Griswoldville and married Vivian Denison, the granddaughter of Joseph and Lois Denison Griswold, and I attended their wedding, about 1903, which was another grand affair. The bride and groom went abroad, where they made quite a stay, then later lived in New York, where Mr. Williams was a very good business man. The latter part of his life they lived in Ridgewood, New Jersey.

Another beautiful wedding about thirty years ago was held in Providence when Sadie Carpenter married Linton Jordan. Her parents, who were May Wheeler and Henry Carpenter, had come to my home on their wedding trip, and so we were especially interested in the marriage of their daughter in their beautiful home. May Carpenter had a habit of visiting in Stonington.

The wedding was a grand affair. The house was filled with friends and government officials, as Mr. Carpenter had many interests in the city among business people. The gifts to the bride were numerous and wonderfully beautiful. I can see that wedding now just as it was then. The couple are still living in that beautiful home and their own son has grown up and married and served in World War II. So the generations move on in this life.


Another wedding of note more than fifty years ago was held in Norwich on Laurel Hill when Elizabeth Chapman was married to Burrill A. Herrick, a very handsome young man. They made a fine-looking couple. She was a cousin and about my age, and as we had often done, Em and I drove up for that occasion and enjoyed the evening wedding which had music and flowers and beautiful gowns. The bride was dressed in white, and her attendants and many

young men were in evening dress. Later there were refreshments and dancing.

When Em and I were asked to dance we had to refuse, as we did not know how to trip the toe to the measure of music. My father had been brought up to think dancing was not right. We had followed in his teaching, though Mother had been considered the prettiest dancer in Stonington before she married. When my father asked her, "Please, Lucy, don't dance any more," she acquiesced, considering him well worth making the sacrifice. This particular evening I recall that Em and I wished we had known how to dance as we felt left out of this special good time that all the others were enjoying. The young men thought it very strange that we did not know how to dance. In the latter part of my mother's life she would gracefully trip the light "fantasket" about our big dining room as light as ever, much to my delight. I think I have always "danced inside" when I have heard gay music.

Once when I was in Mystic in school a dancing school was organized to which all the boys and girls seemed to be going. Young Ira Clift asked me to go as his partner to the class and I said I would, without thinking that my father would not approve. When I went home for the weekend, I did not mention that I was going to learn to dance. When the evening came I went with my escort to the hall where it was to be held, and at the foot of the stairs I stopped, and for the life of me I could not go up, but turned and ran to my boarding home as fast as I could go. That ended my dancing career, but I have been tempted many times since, when at parties where I saw and enjoyed dancing, to dance then and that without having had any instruction.

My Genealogical Work

Y PERSONAL FINANCIAL TRANSACTIONS began soon after my first birthday, July 8, 1858. I was named for my grandmother, Grace Denison and my grandfather Joseph Noyes put five dollars for me in the Mystic Bank where his brother George Noyes was president. Soon afterward my father wrote a will for Samuel Frink, who owned the place where now the Conrads live on Taugwonk Road, and as he did not charge him for his services, Mr. Frink handed him five dollars and said, "Take that home to your baby." He did and that was added to the money in the bank.

When I was about eleven my grandfather gave me a sheep and every spring she produced twin lambs. The wool was sold and some of the lambs. One year Dudley Stewart of North Stonington, who dealt in wool, came to get the fleece, but because he could not afford to pay fifty cents a pound, I would not let him have it. I kept it till after a time the price went up and I sold it to him for the desired fifty cents. This transaction always gave him much amusement.

This sheep, which I named Nell, gave me many trips about the country as she would jump out of our pastures and roam around. One day I walked from my home down past the present Stonington Home, around past the Road Church and up to Putnams Corners, where Dr. Miner has his summer home, and up the hill past the school house and finally caught up with her not far from home when we both were nearly ready to drop. After that escapade she was fettered by fastening a thin stick to a front and back leg with little leathers so that she could not jump the walls. She was a great pet and I exhibited her to everybody who came here. Among these vis-

itors was Sarah McEckron, who later became Mrs. Edward F. Darrell of Cove Lawn. She was then a little girl and came with her grandmother to see my father on business, as he was then Judge of Probate, and she climbed upon the top bar of the gate in order to get a good look at Nell and her lambs.

When I was sixteen or seventeen I was in the hen and chicken business. I bought the grain to feed them and sold the eggs, but this venture was not very prosperous for me, so I sold them back to my father and let him finance it.

As time went on there were many deeds and wills to be recorded in the town books at the town clerk's office and I tried my hand at that job. Nowadays, when I see my writing as it was then it looks really quite distinct compared with what it is now.

When I had my book *Old Homes of Stonington* ready to be published in 1900, Harriette E. Noyes of Vermont, who had written the *Noyes Genealogy* with Col. Henry E. Noyes, advised me to have it done at Salem, Massachusetts. For seven hundred books I paid seven hundred and fifty dollars, and Samuel Chesebro of the Borough, much against his usual belief and practise, went on my note till I sold enough books to pay the bill. I had many orders from people who wanted to buy them so there was really no danger about losing his money. But I felt quite delighted to have him do that for me. In 1913 the same company in Salem printed my book *The Battle of Stonington* and other verses in a small edition.

Old Homes was to sell for two dollars and when I could sell out half the number I would be able to pay the entire bill. The first copy I sold on my way to Westerly one morning to a man who was working on the roof of the Joseph Smith house. Father and I had stopped to speak to someone, and he came off the roof and asked if I had one of those books to sell him. As I did, he took it and I don't know his name or where he came from. Later when the book became scarce it sold for ten dollars.

When they were all sold and people still wanted them, after a

number of years, Samuel Chesebro of Mystic, an old friend, insisted that I must have it republished. William Gay in Mystic said he would do the work, so I decided to have them reprinted in 1930. It was a much more expensive job and not so well done, but there was much more in the book, especially about Captain George and Ann Borodell Denison, and the covers were blue instead of red. The new edition sold from the first for ten dollars each, and after seventeen years they are all gone and have been for several years now. I have been repeatedly asked to have another reprint. I have enjoyed writing this later book of my memories and hope people will enjoy reading it half as much as I have while writing it. As the events are mostly of long ago it may tell something of a way of life far different from that of today.

Looking over what I have written so far I find so many events that I have not mentioned and so many good friends I have not named, but there isn't room in this volume. However I do want to tell how the other books came to be written.

January 29, 1897, my father was eighty years old and he celebrated as he had for many years with callers and gifts, but he was not very well and gradually got more feeble so that he did not go about as formerly. One day at church we heard a sermon on age and its limitations, but also what wonderful things had been done by persons after they were eighty. His *History of Stonington* with its genealogies was the result of that sermon. My sister Em was very much impressed with what the minister told us and when we reached home she said to father, "You are going to write that history of Stonington which you have always wanted to do and we will help you."

"I am afraid," he replied, "it is too late."

"No," she said, "it is not," and next morning we got down many books and he took his pen. When we looked in shortly after, his pen had dropped and he was asleep in his chair, but upon waking he began to write and from that time till the book was finished he

continued to improve in health, till he was quite strong again. In early 1900 it came from the Day Press in New London and sold well.

On December 6, that same year, Em married my cousin Seth N. Williams. We had a large wedding and many guests. After they had left for New York and the guests had all gone, I had an inspiration to write my book about the old homes in Stonington. Father and Mother were much interested and we talked about it till a late hour that night. For three years I did what I could, taking pictures of the old homes, going about with Father while he told me true stories of many places, some of which he said he had not seen since he was a boy. Sometimes I doubted my ability both on pictures and stories but trusted God to help me. When I showed the pictures to Mr. Tingley, artist and photographer of Mystic, he said, "You have done well, and followed the laws of photography, one-third land and two-thirds sky," or vice versa. He made the picture of our home and of his old ancestors' house at Putnam's Corners. James D. Fish of New York had a plate made from one of his pictures of Dean Mills and the plate cost me twelve dollars, the most of any that was in the book.

My father knew personally or carried on genealogical correspondence with many noted people, among them a number whom I have seen and known. Father corresponded with John Ward Dean, the famous antiquarian and editor of the "New England Genealogical & Historical Register" of which Father had a complete file from the first number subscribing as long as he lived. When he was writing the genealogy of the Grant family, Jesse Root Grant, father of the President, was a correspondent of my father's, and he invited Father to come to the White House to meet him while his son, the General, was President.

Mrs. Olga Lucia Mary Agnes Samaroff, wife of the celebrated conductor Leopold Stokowski, came here in the thirties to have me write up her ancestry back to her great grandfather Eugene Palmer, who lived on Pequot Trail at the head of the North Road where Mr.

and Mrs. Roland Fenner now reside. She was a delightful person and very anxious to come to live at her ancestor's place. Plans were made for her to do so, but the owner could not give her a good title, so she did not come.

Brigadier General William C. Horton came on from Washington to have me help him with his ancestral lines, but he was so long finding this house that when he finally got here he did not feel very pleasant.

"I have been all day trying to locate you," he said.

"You would," I replied, "for this is a hard place to find as roads go either side of ours and strangers usually take the wrong one."

William H. Doane, composer of songs and instrumental music, who had a summer home at Watch Hill where he came with his wife and two daughters, visited here and we were invited there on several occasions. The first time he and his daughter Marguerite called here, it was about noon and Mother thought they should be treated to something to eat. She had just made some gingerbread so she sent me into the sitting room with some warm gingerbread and milk and Mr. Doane was greatly pleased, as he was fond of both.

Mrs. H. E. Whelan of Paris, France, came here one day when she was visiting friends in Norwalk. She charmed us all with her personality and conversation, and later wrote very appreciative letters of what we had done to help her in search of her ancestors. Rev. Randall Raswill Hoes, the chaplain in our Navy, I have spoken of before. He was here two weeks getting genealogical information and also copied off the inscriptions from the old stones in the Taugwonk Yard which is between the Smith brothers' home and that of John Cronin.

Dudley Denison Homer, a cousin from Matahambra, Cuba, and a great delver into family history, writes plays and has written two recent books which are in the Westerly Library. He is a descendant of the first child of Oliver and Nancy Graves Denison, Martha Ann Denison, who married Nathaniel Clift. Fred R. Bunker, missionary

from Africa, was here and stayed for several weeks. He was lecturing on his life in Africa and his work to Christianize the natives, a most instructive person, who has died quite recently.

Gustave Pinneo of New York, an artist, was at Mystic when I first met him. He painted some pictures of old houses about here and I was able to sell a number for him. I have one of our home here hanging in the East room. He was a fine looking young man, but had met with a fall when quite young and was unable to move about as others. It was almost impossible for him to get up from his seat, or, once up, sit down without falling, but he did fine work with his hands. Later he was married and died at the Isle of Pines in Georgia.

Ervine D. York was a wonderful genealogist and travelled abroad getting firsthand information on many lines. He was especially helpful getting Denison family facts. He and his family went to Glendale, California, where he died many years ago. When I knew him they lived in Flushing, Long Island, where I visited them. He came to Stonington often to look up his York line. When he was abroad in 1910 I had letters from him and one from Bishop Stortford. He brought us some ivy from the Denison home in England, which lived for a number of years, but at last was winter killed.

Mrs. Dora Denison Kenney, daughter of Stephen and Elizabeth Denison, lived in Mystic, a lovely girl and poetess. She married and lived at Somers, Connecticut, and had children. She is now dead but I have a book of poems, *Heartsease*, which she wrote in 1885. Mary Avery Sanford, once of New Haven but now for years in Australia, had an aunt, Mary Esther Hewitt who married John Wagner. He built his house in Melbourne and named it "Stonington" in honor of his wife's ancestors. He was Mayor of Melbourne and this house was immense, for I have seen a picture of it.

I hope the friends who read this book will not think I am exploiting myself if I relate numerous good times I have had meeting people in various societies and organizations at different places. About the most delightful time at one of these was when I was in-

vited to the Book Club of Mt. Carmel at New Haven. They gave a reception for me on June 9, 1905, at the Elms, home of Mr. and Mrs. John Dickerman and their daughter Caroline Dickerman, where many authors and writers and members were present. The President of the Club at that time was Mrs. Elizabeth Punderson Swift. I cannot forbear giving the programme for that day, which was carried on out-of-doors as it was a lovely June afternoon. First were greetings by the President and then I read my verses which included *Historians of Connecticut* with names brought in in rhyme; then *Colonial Motherhood of Connecticut* by Elizabeth Sheldon Tillinghast of New Haven; *Colonial Homes of Our Ancestors*, by Helen Chauncey; *Our Country Homes*, by Henry G. Newton, LL.B.; *Connecticut Town of Tomorrow*, by Rev. Artemas J. Haynes of the United Church of New Haven, and last *The Bird Nest*, by John Dickerman.

On the lawn a tent was spread and a bountiful lunch of cold meats, salads, strawberries in cream, and cakes were served on four tables, where the guests were seated with place cards that had a picture of Mt. Carmel and a verse which everyone recited for a blessing. Later Mr. W. H. H. Hewitt announced that a new society for the purpose of gathering genealogical information and to find a Frances Calkins in every town who would record facts for future generations had been formed, called the Ladies Historical Society, with Miss Grace Denison Wheeler as president and other officers were given. The day was delightful with letters read from some who could not be present, and conversation with the members of the Club.

These all came to Stonington for a meeting at the Road Church, September 7, 1906, where a programme was arranged and luncheon was served in the parish house by friends here, and this programme was fine also. I gave them an address of welcome, and was followed by Dr. George Stanton who read a paper on Wequetequock, and then "*Battle Day, August 10,*" was recited by Emma W. Palmer. A paper on Stonington's historian, *The Judge*, was read by Professor Albert M. Harris of Vanderbilt University, Nashville, Tennessee;

singing of "America" by audience; *Lady Fenwick* by Mary Slosson Clark of Saybrook; *Connecticut's Place in History*, by George V. Smith of New Haven, editor of the *Connecticut Quarterly*; *Historic Places in Stonington*, by Mrs. Hiram Clift; *Connecticut of the Future* by Rev. Artemas J. Haynes of New Haven; *Lost, An Ancestor*, by Mrs. George T. Newcombe of New Haven; and last, *The Field of the Historian* by Miss Caroline Gorham Dickerman, which finished the delightful meeting.

At a later meeting in New Haven I presented a gavel made from one of the old rafters of the Jedediah and General Ebenezer Huntington house in Norwich. Mrs. Nelson Robinson of Norwich Town had given me the wood from which Hiram Clift of Mystic had made the gavel for which they returned thanks. This meeting of over a hundred and fifty was at the beautiful home of Mrs. Kimberly Tuttle on Willow Street and was the last which I attended. That year I did not find it convenient to go to New Haven, and as most of the members were in different parts of Connecticut, it was hard to fix a date which would include most of them. The society gradually became small, and when Miss Nellie K. Stevens, the genealogist of Saybrook, could not come because of illness, meetings were postponed for a time. Persons from every town in Connecticut belonged, but I think the distance between us was not convenient for meetings.

However there were a few nearby gatherings of that period which stand out in my memory. At a D. A. R. meeting in Westerly at the Dixon House in December 1905, I was invited to speak and gave some of my verses about the old-time women and their industries. Another time in Preston, October 11, 1905, when the first Connecticut State D. A. R. meeting was held there, I had prepared a paper on Seven Loyal Women of Connecticut. Miss Emma Palmer read the paper for me, as my mother was very ill and died a few days later. The meeting had speakers from Ohio, Tennessee, and New Jersey. Mrs. Sara Kinney was the State Regent and presided.

At another meeting of the Norwich Patriots and Founders, when I spoke on Captain George Denison, the session was held at the Mohican Hotel in New London, and the ladies most interested were Mrs. Herbert Crandall and Mrs. Leander K. Shipman. I enjoyed this association especially for the reason that its members were both men and women.

At one meeting in 1912 of the Faith Trumbull Chapter, D. A. R., held with Mrs. Amos Browning in Norwich where I had been asked to speak, I gave a talk on the early families and old houses in Stonington, and had such a good time talking with the people gathered at her home. At another D. A. R. meeting in Westerly at Mrs. Peabody's when I recited some of my verses, I was as hoarse as I could be from just nerves, I suppose. Even so I enjoyed that afternoon, seeing the people and looking at their pretty gowns and hearing them tell many interesting things about which I, living in the country, did not know.

By request another time Em and I conducted a tour for the Elizabeth Porter chapter from Putnam. We met in North Stonington where the ladies there gave us all a fine lunch in the vestry of the Second Congregational Church. Then we went in autos to the old Randall house now owned by Harvey Perry of Westerly. Everyone enjoyed seeing that well built and ancient house, and from there we traveled over the Old Post Road and Pequot Trail to the Borough where we visited the Custom House and the Light House, where many interesting things were seen. Then we went to the Whitfield Tree, in front of the home of Dr. and Mrs. Roy W. Miner, always called the Center Farm, where George Whitfield, the great preacher, held service July 19, 1747. Then on to the Rev. Ebenezer Rossiter house where now Mr. and Mrs. Roland C. Fenner live. This house has since been remodelled, but then showed more of the antique lines of the building and grounds. The last place visited was Pequotsepos Manor, the old Denison homestead, now a museum maintained by the Denison Society. Then Mrs. Annie Denison Gates

was living there and she gave each visitor a picture of the house, for she always was most gracious. The Society returned to Putnam from her home feeling greatly pleased with their 120-mile trip about Stonington.

Before the turn of the century an elderly lady from New York City and her son came to my home one day and called us cousins. It was the first I knew of her personally, but I was to come to know her quite intimately. She was Caroline Gallup who lived near Albany, in what was then called the Hill Barrack country, and who married the Rev. Sylvanus Reed, an Episcopalian clergyman, in 1862. She was a very charming person, but proud and self-willed, and in the latter years of her life said, "No one loves me, for I have been too mercenary all my life."

In the year of her marriage they moved to New York City where Mr. Reed had a church, whose members gave her beautiful garments which she hated to wear, thinking, she told me, "There, look at me. I am wearing your clothes, but I don't want to as I don't like to be under obligation to any one."

Two years later she evolved the idea of opening a fashionable school for young ladies, which she did there in the city, and it was patronized by many. The only ones going from here, that I now recall, were Captain Charles P. Williams' daughter Daisy, and Josephine Williams Cottrell, now Mrs. George Middleton of Quaquataug Hill.

Mrs. Reed was a very ambitious person and her four children, two boys and two girls, married as she had desired. The oldest one, Mary Geraldine, became the wife of the artist Francois Millet, son of the great French artist, Jean Francois Millet of Barbizon, France, and they lived there. The other daughter, Mary Dewitt, married William Barclay Parsons, who was the engineer at the head of the successful Cape Cod Canal project. Her two sons also married to suit her ambition. One, Sylvanus Albert, lost his wife soon after their marriage, when Mrs. Reed was abroad, and she always felt that

if she had been home, she could have prevented her death. Albert afterwards lived with his mother through her long life. The other son, Latham Gallup, became an internationally known lawyer, whose son, Latham Ralston Reed has only recently died.

Rev. Sylvanus Reed was a wholehearted gentleman, but not given to making money, which was what his wife wanted, still she accomplished her desire, for only girls of wealthy parents could attend her school. She never taught, but she employed fine teachers, among them Rose Cleveland, sister of our President, and Nicholas Murray Butler, later to become President of Columbia University, and the school established a fine record. After twenty-five years of active life as the head of the school which bore her name, she resigned the supervision of it in 1890.

Then it was, when she was about seventy-five, that she wanted me to write her life, of which the school had been by far the finest part. So I went to her home in New York, and I remember being cautioned about the lights in the city, "They burn gas—you don't blow them out." Mrs. Reed gave me help at times, but more often just when I was settled writing, she would come into the room I had to use and say, "Now do stop and come to ride with me." Of course I went, so the history did not grow very fast.

She was at her best when talking about her early years in Albany and telling me her experiences through life. She had travelled a great deal here and abroad, and she would say she could tell what part of the country people came from just to hear them speak a few words. She was very impatient and quick to decide matters, but she gave me every assistance as far as typewriters and secretarial help were concerned, but she would stop everything very often and take me away with her, so when I got back I had to go over the last sheets and start again. I was there three winters trying to get the story finished.

At the last, when it was done, she placed the manuscript in a trunk, saying, "I shall never have it printed, for no one loves me well

enough to buy it." She never did publish it, though her work with the school was certainly a fine record, but her very great pride prevented her from letting the world know of her accomplishments.

While I was with her she entertained a good deal and went to receptions and parties. One time when one of her grandchildren was to be in a play, she went dressed beautifully in gray wearing a bonnet with sweeping gray feathers. When we were shown into the room, there was no seat in the front row for her and me. She would take no other, but said to me, "Don't you sit down here for I shall have a front seat." We stood and finally one of the ushers did take us to front seats where she was satisfied to be.


One very cold winter night when we had been invited to a reception in another part of the city, she decided she would not go, but that I must. She ordered the horses and carriage brought, and I went, dressed in my yellow silk gown. It was very icy and the horses could hardly stand. In fact one did fall on the way and I thought I would never reach the place which seemed miles away. The driver swore, and I was frightened, but finally we reached the house which was all lighted. A very gracious lady greeted me, and entertained with refreshments, but there were not many there because of the condition of the streets.

In 1901, after she was eighty, Mrs. Reed wanted me to go abroad with her, but I felt I was not the one to go, as I did not know French or any other foreign language that would be helpful on such a trip as she had planned. But she said she would do all the talking for both of us, and I think she could have, but still I did not go. She sent me out to the shops in New York to get her different articles, and when I bought a dress or a hat for myself at Bloomingdale's, she would say, "Why didn't you get one like it for me?" The last time I saw her was on my way home from Atlantic City with Happy Vose, when I stopped at her home. She was then ill in bed, and never recovered.

Mrs. Reed was very fond of genealogy and knew all her ances-

tral lines, paternal and maternal, and we had many happy times talking about these people. She was the chief contributor to the large boulder placed in Whitehall graveyard near Mystic for her ancestor, Captain John Gallup, who was killed in the Great Swamp Fight, and she solicited money from many of the Gallup family. Her daughter, Mrs. William Barclay Parsons, is now living in New York City, but the others have all gone. A grandson, Colonel Latham Ralston Reed, died very recently. He was a schoolmate of Culbert and William Palmer and Williams Haynes, all of Stonington, at Dr. Cutler's School in New York.

Groton-Stonington Trolley

INCE I WAS YOUNG modes of transportation have been wonderfully changed. My father had the first carriage in town about 1840 and it was quite a wonder. My grandmother Noyes said she rode horseback to church and always on the first Sunday in May the young ladies put on their white dresses and rode sidesaddle on horseback to the Miner Meeting House beyond Anguilla for a morning service. I have heard my father say he walked to church many times when he was young, wearing old shoes and taking his best ones along, hiding the old ones under some rock and changing to the best ones before going into the church.

Horses were very necessary either to ride or put between the thills of a wagon of some kind for people to ride. I always wanted a pony to ride, but did not get it till I was over thirty. Even then it was just as much pleasure as I had anticipated. She was a wooly black Shetland, whose mane and tail very nearly reached the ground. I named her Betsy Bobbit, but more frequently called her Bobbit. I rode sidesaddle in those days.

In the early nineteen hundreds automobiles came into use. Erskine Phelps of Chicago came on to his summer home, where Dr. Paffard now lives, and he brought his auto and came up here and took us all to ride, which was a great treat.

I vividly recall when I was out driving and I met the first automobile on the road in the evening in Flanders. I saw the lights coming and not knowing how my horse would like it, I pulled the right rein; asked God to take care of me; shut my eyes, and the machine bore down upon me and shot past. I opened my eyes and

my horse had not even swerved from the road or his gait. I was thankful and knew that with this horse hereafter I could pass automobiles day or night without fear of a collision.

In 1904 we went to Ben Cook's wedding in Wakefield, Rhode Island, in an auto. John Noyes of Mystic drove us, as he had one among the first cars here. Seth Williams, my brother-in-law, soon had one of the early cars, and we were never without one since then.

My grandmother Grace Denison Noyes said to me before she died in 1888, "You will see people fly in the air. I shall be gone before then, but you will see that way of traveling." True enough, we do, for now planes are getting to be quite a common mode of transportation. People fly about and there are almost as many kinds of planes as autos. What can come next?

But looking back I think of the trolley that ran from Westerly to Groton as one of the great changes in transportation in Stonington that then meant a great deal to all the people from here and I want to put in this book an article I wrote about a ride over that line. It was published in a little booklet in 1907 by the Groton & Stonington Traction Company and because times and places have changed so much in the past forty years I have added some notes to bring it up-to-date.

I've been down to the city, and I've seen the grandest sights,
The twenty-story buildings and the miles of 'lectric lights.
But I'd rather see the big trees that's standing up this way,
And watch the grasses growing in the meadows every day,
And hear these trolley cars go rushing swiftly through our streets,
Making all our country places a fairy land complete.

First I wish to say that a stranger will need to make the trip over this route several times before he can accelerate his mind to the speed of the cars, and be able to locate these historic places, so rapidly is he carried from one to another.

Here on the bridge in Westerly we take the car, and remem-

ber when we do that Rhode Island is but a step to the eastward, though in 1629 Connecticut extended her limit four miles east of Weekapaug. When the Stonington and Providence Railroad was about to be constructed in 1832 (now the New York, New Haven & Hartford), a portion of Rhode Island soil was wheeled into Connecticut, and vice versa, while Hon. Nathan F. Dixon offered the sentiment, "Connecticut and Rhode Island, may they improve by mixing!" The old ford or wading place called Kitchamaug was on the Pawcatuck River, a few rods below here, but was abandoned when all travel from Misquamicut (Westerly) to Pequot (New London) passed over a bridge, built here in 1712 by subscription, raised by Capt. Joseph Saxton of Stonington and John Babcock of Westerly. For many years the present village of Westerly was called The Bridge.

In 1661 we see at the left the first Ordinary or Public House in Stonington, kept by Thomas Shaw. Just above Kitchamaug, in 1666, Elder John Crandall operated a grist mill, the second in the town. Near here was also a sawmill owned by Jonathan Richardson and run by Elias Brown, who lived in one-half of the long house at the left, while on the other side Dr. William Robinson kept a boarding house. Look out of our car window at the right and see the Martha Noyes house (now the Victory Bakery). It was called The Inn, a hundred (140) years ago, when kept by Samuel Brand; now it is nearly concealed by small stores. See next to this the Thomas Noyes mansion (more recently used as the Mission) which was in early days built in grand style.

As you leave the bridge, you think of the Old Post Road, laid out in 1669, from Head of Mystic (now called Old Mystic), to Kitchamaug, and how Capt. George Denison was empowered to make a directory and set it up on a tree or post near the wading place at Pawcatuck River, so that traveling strangers might find the country highway through the town to the New London highway beginning at Mystic River. Over this road in 1675 went the early

settlers to the Great Swamp Fight, and here when it was still only an Indian trail Capt. John Mason led his forces of white men and Indians to the Pequot war.

At the right, in 1853, stood the brick Pawcatuck Hotel, known as the Red Jug. As you turn left near the railroad viaduct, or "dry bridge," you see at the right a grand old elm tree, throwing its protecting shade over the old home of George Sheffield. (I must revise some of these notes, forty years old now. This elm and the Sheffield home both have been removed to make room for a wider intersection for the modern automobile traffic.)

A little west of here, running parallel with Mechanic Street, down which you are going, was the noted trotting track of more than ninety years ago, where crowds would assemble to witness the horse races, one of the amusements of the times. I still think trotting horses are fun to watch.

Now we pass the printing press works of the Cottrell Brothers, and get a fine view of the river, flowing swiftly out to Little Narragansett Bay. Here we come to a sharp turn at the right, where stands the extensive plant of the Clark thread mill; now up the hill, on the summit of which stands the historic homestead of Paul Babcock.

Ah, here it is, the dear old place, unchanged through all the years;
How like some sweet, familiar face my childhood's home appears.
The grand old trees beside the door still spread their branches wide,
The river wanders as of yore with swiftly running tide.

This house was built by Dr. Joshua Babcock, at one time Chief Justice of Rhode Island's Superior Court. He gave it to his son Col. Harry Babcock (the father of Paul), who was a brave officer in many battles. Once, in England, Col. Harry was allowed an appointment with Queen Victoria, whom he saluted with a kiss upon her cheek instead of her hand which she graciously extended, and we do not hear that he was reprimanded for his audacity.

From here we look off across the river and see the old Denison farm, and the graves of George and Mercy Gorham Denison in

the meadow, nearly opposite Pawcatuck Rock. Here Thomas Stanton, the Indian interpreter, built his trading house in 1656, then the only commercial place in this whole section. Here also his granddaughter Dorothy lived, who had such a romantic career, having married four times. She lived to be 105 years old.

Now moving on rapidly past Clarkville, with its neat houses and gardens, over the high bridge, at the right, among tall trees, we catch a glimpse of an old gambrel roofed house, built in 1740, and occupied later by Joshua Robinson. Soon we come to the switch, on land of the late Dr. George D. Stanton, who owned the Nehemiah Palmer house, which you see at the left, built in 1700, standing brown and square-roofed on the road known as The Indian Trail to Pawcatuck Rock, which road you now cross and get a view of Wequetequock Cove and the old graveyard at the left. Here stands amid many old stones the new monument erected by the descendants of the four earliest settlers of the town: William Chesebrough, Walter Palmer, Thomas Stanton, and Thomas Miner. Off at the right on the hill once stood the first grist mill in town, built in 1662, with the old mill house nearby, which is mentioned in the agreement signed by the early settlers in 1661. Near here we see a comparatively new chapel for religious worship, reminding us that Rev. James Noyes, the first minister in Stonington, lies buried in the old yard opposite. He was one of the founders of Yale College, a distinguished preacher, and during his pastorate of fifty-five years at the First Church (Road) he baptized 1176 persons.

Servant of God, well done,
Thy glorious warfare's past,
The battle fought, the race is won,
And thou art crowned at last.

Looking close at your right, you see the old home, in 1698, of the Scotch-Irishman, Fergus McDowell, its garden running down to the head of the cove, where

You can see the gap in the old stone wall,
And the stepping stones in the shallow brook.

These were used for crossing the stream, which was sometimes a rushing torrent. As you cross the water to the highway, on the west bank, overlooking the cove, we pass the spot where in 1648 the first white man, William Chesebrough, gunsmith and blacksmith, built his home, the first house in Stonington. (This stood on the site of the house with the blue shutters where the Andrews sisters have their antique shop.) Nearly opposite, on the west side of the tracks, lived Walter Palmer, his next neighbor, to whom he could speak from his door.

Now we pass at the right the house which Gov. Thurston of Rhode Island built in 1787, where a tavern used to stand, a school was kept, and trainings were held. (This old house has very recently been renovated and resingled by Charles Mell.) See at the left a low gambrel roofed house, the west end facing the road and nearly covered with trailing rose vines. Here "King David" Chesebrough once lived. He was a great man in Newport and received his nickname there, presumably for his prominence. During the Revolution he lived in Newport and had all his property confiscated by the English, after which he returned and lived here, keeping a store. On this farm now stands the new Wequetequock Casino, with flags flying, inviting the public to enjoy its many pastimes and to find refreshment for both mind and body. (I note that this landmark burned a few years ago.) All along the way to Stonington we get charming views of the ocean, Watch Hill, and Fort Mansfield, with their large hotels and soldiers' quarters, from which booms the sunset gun every evening.

From the hill near Elm Street, in Stonington Borough, we see at the left the Velvet Mill, a new industry here (at present an established business), and a nearer approach to Stonington reminds us of the British attack in 1814, when the citizens so nobly and successfully defended their homes. The cannon and ball are still to be seen,

downstreet at Cannon Square, which played such an important part in that battle.

Now make an abrupt turn at Elm Street, run along a short distance, and when the conductor calls "Stonington!" look out and see the Stonington railroad station standing on the site of the old salt works, which sixty (now one hundred) years ago, was an industry here. The salt water from the harbor flowed through pipes into a tank, which was then pumped by windmill power into shallow vats, to be evaporated by the heat of the sun. The vats had movable covers, which were placed over them in rainy weather.

Just south of here was a cross road, so that teams could come from Main or Front Street to the road running to the cove (then there was no street into the village on the west side) that being then the Robinson pasture. As you make the curve, you will see directly west Nat's Point Shipyard on Wamphassuc Point. Now on past the home of the late Captain Aleck and Nat Palmer of whaling days fame, of whom Capt. Nat was the discoverer of the most northerly point of Antarctica, called in his honor "Palmer Land." (This is where Alec Loper and his sisters now reside.)

Here, turning left abruptly, you catch a breeze from the water, and see before you Lambert's Cove and the bridge which latter was a bone of contention for many years. Traveling in the early days was by horseback and ox teams. The roads were not graded nor the brooks bridged, and this was no exception until 1801 when a petition to the General Court asked for a layout of this road to Old Mystic. Then a lottery scheme was proposed to build a bridge, and later a ferry charter to cross Lambert's Cove from Pine Point to Quana duct. The people at the north objected so strongly to this road that it was partially responsible for dividing the town in 1807, which event North Stonington will celebrate this autumn, (1907). This road was finally opened by the sheriff in 1815. The first bridge built was barely wide enough to allow a single team to cross, but later it was widened and a middle pier constructed.

As you cross the present bridge you will see at the left "Wamphasset," or "Wampossett," as it was called when, in 1653, it was owned by Hugh Calkins, the name signifying white land or land frequented by white birds. In 1776 Major Israel Hewitt of Bear's Den fame willed to his two granddaughters, Amy Stanton and Anne Ledyard (wife of Col. William Ledyard) a part of this same land, lying near to Capt. Israel Wordin's house.

Quanaduct lies north of this bridge, and at the right, almost hidden among tall trees, is the Day Place or Walnut Grove (the Manor Inn site), in earlier times known as the Gershom Lambert estate. Making the curve (at Vargas' Corners) you pass the Grandison Chesebrough homestead (now a barn) where the late Rev. Amos Chesebrough of New Hartford lived in his youth. Now on past the Catholic cemetery and the little school house (formerly located at the entrance of Wamphasset Point and obliterated in the hurricanes of 1938 and 1941).

To be a schoolmaster in the olden time was to be an oracle of wisdom for young and old. The agreement between John Stoyell of Voluntown and John Stanton and Nathaniel Gallup, "Gentlemen undertakers of a school in the southwesterly part of Stonington," shows how instruction in reading, writing, and arithmetic for six months was compensated for by finding Stoyell "meat, drink, washing, lodging, keep for his horse, and sixty pounds in old tenor money at the end of the term of six months school." At Harborside station a road from Wamphasset crosses to the right, leading past the old Richardson estate now occupied by Judge Gilbert Collins (now the home of Mr. and Mrs. Alfred H. Gildersleeve). This place was noted as the hiding place of Capt. Kidd's "ninety pieces of eight" in 1699.

Now up the hill (by Comptroller Zeller's house) past Montauk Avenue, which stretches away to the north by beautiful homes (among these that of John B. Findlay) with a view of Lantern Hill in the distance, we make a bend in the road and get a glorious sight

of the Sound, "the Point," Watch Hill, and several islands, gray and misty. Here at the right is Darling Hill, where stood for years the "Farmer's Palace" which burned (where now Mrs. Herbert H. Knox lives in a newer house, long the summer home of Dr. and Mrs. William H. Robey of Boston.) Let your eye rest for a moment in the next door yard, Rocky Ledge. (Here in the spring Mrs. William N. Palmer's daffodils are famous.)

As we go swiftly around the curve, Cedar Point (now Lord's Point) is in view at the left and its summer colony, and in the distance the buildings of the Wilcox industry. Crossing the bridge, we come to Latham's Neck, and the Thomas Miner homestead facing Quiambaug Cove. Here, in 1635 dwelt a pioneer of Stonington, and now the ninth generation of the name, Miss Grace Miner and her sister, occupies the house. (Mr. and Mrs. Theodore Anderson live here now.) Could you stop and read the epitaphs on the old stones in the little graveyard at the left, you would be both amused and instructed.

Up the hill and through Wilcoxville past the site of the old Green homestead, which is nearly opposite one of modern architecture you go on over the marshland, which was a great incentive to the pioneers to settle here that they might have the salt marsh grass for their cattle. Now up the hill we see where, in 1700, stood the old Williams house, in Que-an-te-quahood's field, just north of the present home of Deacon B. F. Williams, vice-president of this road. Opposite the house is the path of the old Riding Way, which was the fording place between Mason's Island and the mainland. (This place marks the high land at Industrial Place and the road to Mason's Island). Then ride past Williams Cove, where in 1814 the English soldiers, attempting to destroy the village of Mystic, entered by mistake east of Mason's Island, and in the thick darkness ran their vessels into this cove. The soldiers scrambled overboard to get their barge into better water, but only sank their red coats and royal gilt buttons to their waists in mud.

As you cross the bridge, in the field at the right, unprotected by anything except tall weeds and grasses, are the graves of the old Masons, whose home was on Chipachaug or Mason's Island, which you will see across the water at the left. This island was granted to Major John Mason in 1651 by the General Court of Connecticut for his gallant services in the Pequot War, of which he was the leader in 1637. The youngest son of Major Mason occupied this domain for many years, and even now there are descendants of this same name living there. Bringing your eye back to nearer objects, you see close beside you, at the left, the old Denison yard, recently renovated, where Lady Ann Borodell, wife of Capt. George Denison, was first buried, though later removed to Elm Grove Cemetery, while her husband lies buried at Hartford, where he was on business at the time of his death.

An abrupt turn to the right takes you into the pleasant village of Mystic, and soon we see the home office of the Southern New England Telephone Company, and then the tall spire of the Congregational church comes to view, which has stood there for more than eighty years, before which is the monument dedicated in 1883 to the soldiers who fell in the War of the Rebellion.

Then silent, alone shall this monument stand,
Recalling the heroes that rescued our land;
A new generation shall walk round its base,
Inquiringly scanning its patriot face,
And oft little children shall pause in their plays,
To ask for the deeds of their forefathers' days.

When the bridge is reached, we cross Sicanemous, the Indian name for the Mystic River, which, during the term of Gov. John Winthrop, from 1657 to 1675, was pronounced the eastern border of Connecticut, as it is now the western boundary of Stonington. This town was called Southertown at first, and until 1665, when, at the General Court, it was named "Mystick," in memory of that victory God was pleased to give this people over the Pequot Indians;

but the very next year the General Court said, "The town of Mystic is by this Court named Stonington." This river used to be ferried across, and the story is told of an old lady who took her knitting and crossed in the boat to find, when she reached the opposite shore, that her ball of blue yarn was on one side of the river and she and her stocking on the other.

Now we are in Groton, in the village of Mystic River, formerly called Portersville, and while you are waiting near the bridge for the other car to pass, you will notice the vessels of the Gilbert Transportation Company, which very probably will soon be launched (1907).

This shipyard recalls the name of the first shipbuilder of the Mystic Valley, Joseph Wells, who married Hannah Reynolds of Stonington in 1680. He lived at Porter's Rocks, while his father, Thomas Wells of Westerly, and George Denison, Jr., in 1669 were the first shipbuilders on the Pawcatuck River.

The first captain to sail down the Mystic River in 1656 was Thomas Hewitt, whose home then embraced the land of Elm Grove Cemetery. In 1662 Capt. Hewitt sailed with a load of produce for the West Indies market, but was never heard of again.

Probably many who read this will remember the shipbuilding of the Messrs. Greenman in Greenmansville, that place in 1838 being called Adam's Point (now the site of the Marine Museum). They began their shipbuilding at the Head of Mystic in 1827, and built 125 vessels of all descriptions, some of them for the trans-Atlantic and California trade. The Mallory shipyard will also be remembered as the place where Charles Mallory began his remarkable career as a shipbuilder about 1848, now as the Mystic shipyard, building fifty steamers and many sailing vessels.

Turn now at Bank Square and see close at your left the old Anthony Wolf house, standing brown and bare, but once the home of at least two of the heroes of the war of 1814, when the English blockaded the coast and made many futile attempts to destroy Mystic, and did capture several of her vessels. In order to cope with the

English, Mystic men purchased the barge *Yankee* for \$600, and Capt. George Wolf and Eldredge Wolf were among those who manned her. Their first cruise resulted in capturing an English ship, the *Nancy*, loaded with shell fish, worth \$200. The second capture was the English sloop *George*, professedly loaded with salt, but when our men thrust their swords and ramrods into the salt they found boxes and trunks full of silks, calicoes, and various things, which, for safe keeping, were placed in the warehouse of Jedediah Rogers of Old Mystic, and finally sold for \$6,000.

Now you come to your own (Groton-Stonington Traction Co.) Power House, which occupies the very site of the old Randall house built by Capt. Ned Packer. On this wharf, which was the first ferry landing, he built several small craft. One of them, the *Fox*, with Jesse Crary as captain, was captured by the English, and being a fast sailor, she was used in making havoc along the coast. Capt. Crary escaped, returned to Mystic, and fitted out the sloop *Hero*. As both were built by the famous carpenter, Eldredge Packer, they were equally speedy, and the *Hero* captured the *Fox* and brought her back in triumph into Mystic River.

When news of final peace came in February 1815, the citizens of Mystic assembled at the house of Joseph Ashby, near Fort Rachel, on the site afterward occupied by the National Hotel, where they gave themselves to the joy of the occasion in right good style. The tavern near, kept by Paul Burrows, doubtless added to their enjoyment, as then West Indian rums, good old Sazetac and fragrant St. Croix, were pure and unblended. In a few years this old Packer house was occupied by the Randall family, and in the old red store which stood nearby Jedediah Randall sold merchandise including ship chandlery, and here the whale ships were fitted out, even to their copper bottoms, for their long voyage, while the wharf was often covered with casks of whale oil nearly to the site of the present office building of this trolley company.

Now around the corner, by the old store and past the home of

the late Ledyard Park, you see on the left historic Fort Rachel, a hill almost a fortress in itself, of good elevation, precipitous on three sides with the north sloping gradually toward the village. The eminence is a natural rampart of rock, with an area at the top 75 feet in diameter. On this height, in 1813, the citizens of Mystic, and the farmers, mechanics, men and boys from the neighboring country, working less than a month, built this fort. It had a four pounder that could sink barges as far off as Mason's Island, Sixpenny Island, and the Riding Way. Stephen Stark was the watchful sentinel and Eldredge Wolf one of the guard, but nothing eventful happened here except the burning of the guard house.

Beneath this hill there lived an humble couple. The wife, Aunt Rachel, was greatly favored with the gift of speech and translation of dreams, while the future of young men and maidens were prophesied from her horoscope. She lived here when the fort was being built and the weary workmen often descended the hill to get a drink at the spring near her house. She often gave them lessons in wisdom and patriotism. At first jokingly, but at last in reality, they gave her name to their fort, and thus she won the noble palm of fame. Aunt Rachel was the wife of William Douglass, a tall, athletic Scotsman, whose grand and dignified bearing and courteous manners led one to surmise him to have come from the Highlands, and on his native heath a gallant and foremost leader in the famous clan of Douglas or Douglass.

Looking off from Fort Rachel you can see many islands, one of which was given to John Winthrop in 1651, upon which to keep his goats, thus obtaining its name, Ram Goat Island, and it is recorded that two years later two hundred head were killed there by Indians.

As you descend the hill, the entrance to the Cedars is in view at the right, and as you near the West Mystic station you see Wild Cat Ledges, which was the favorite resort for the Pequot Indians after their location at Indiantown. Often they would come to the shore to dig clams, which they baked under the ledge.

The spot occupied by the Holmes Shipbuilding Company was formerly the shipyard of Maxson, Fish & Co., who built a number of ironclad gunboats during the Civil War, among them the *Galena* which acquired an enviable reputation.

Nearby, back of the old Field school house in West Mystic, was situated the old home of John Packer, one of the first settlers of Groton. Passing some new houses recently erected (1907) we see ahead Devil's Foot Hill, and then Capt. Silas Beebe's old home at Goat Point. He was one of the most progressive of Mystic's citizens, and the great windmill which used to stand at Pistol Point was erected by him. The machinery of his mill was moved by the wind. The engineers he selected were William Murphy, an able and experienced smacksman, and Ebenezer Beebe, a skillful sailmaker. To the incoming mariner the arms of the old mill protruding athwart the sky presented, after Lantern Hill, the most conspicuous object of vision.

The depredations committed on shore and coast in the war of 1812 induced the Mystic men to throw up a battery at Pistol Point, which was supplied with a nine-pounder and two brass six-pounders. The gunner was Capt. Jeremiah Holmes. The old house and stone store used to stand here, but the house was destroyed by fire years ago.

Soon we come to Noank. The old name was spelled "Naw-a-yank." This land was claimed by the Pequot Indians until 1735, when they were deprived of its use and confined to the land at Meshantuxet. Groton shipbuilding has been a prominent industry for many years, and the reputation of the Palmer shipyards here at Noank is known the world over. You cannot pass this way (1907) without seeing several big vessels hoisted on the ways in the process of construction, and the company has an ideal place for its business.

Passing the picturesque little Episcopal church, and then the Methodist, we soon run along to Uncle Jo's Point on the right, where we see an old gambrel roofed house, which has been re-

cently sold to summer people. This was the home of David Palmer, who was killed at the battle of Groton Heights. One of his slaves strapped his dead body to his horse and brought him home the next morning. Later this place belonged to Joseph Latham, from whom it derived its name, and it was bought of that family by Ledyard Park, who married and brought up his family there.

Now on to Groton Long Point, where there are a number of summer cottages, and where was the scene of two encounters during the war of 1812. A decoy boat, sent out from Mystic, succeeded in attracting the attention of the English frigate *Ramillies*, Admiral Thomas Hardy's flagship, with seventy-five guns, and a boat was sent in pursuit. She was tolled ashore at this point by Capt. Sim Haley, who, with a company of militia, were in ambush behind the bank, which is a natural fortification. This spot used to be known as the Salt Works in the time of the Revolution, and is a perfect shelter in a seaward direction. The militia hidden there soon arose from their shelter and captured the whole boat's crew. Charles Stark told me that his grandmother was at the home of her uncle, Paul Burrows, by Fort Rachel, where the prisoners were brought, and she held a bowl while the surgeon dressed the wounds of one of them.

As you make the curve, we see at the right the Haley farm, known once as the home of John Starr Barber, whose father, Hon. Noyes Barber, was at one time congressman. At the left is Mumford's Cove, noted for its fine quahogs and oysters.

Now comes a very sharp turn in the road. We cross the bridge, which is over the railroad tracks, and here at the right are the Haley woods, where this traction company has planned for picnics among the shelter and seclusion of the tall trees. If you are in the front seat of the car, you will enjoy the prospect of speeding down the long hill before you, and almost at once speedily climbing the next, and soon reaching the newly named Midway, where the railroad's immense buildings for storing ice, housing engines, and holding freight cars are a wonder even to the imagination.

Around the corner, at the right, you see Poquonnock Plains and the old Gardiner farm, while you recall the fact that this land belonged in 1704 to the first town clerk of Groton, John Davie, brother-in-law to Gov. Saltonstall of New London, who held this office until he succeeded to the baronetcy of his uncle, Sir John Davie, of England. When he was notified of his good fortune, he, with his neighbor, John Packer, were hoeing potatoes in his field, barefoot, with sleeves and trousers rolled up. As soon as possible he settled his affairs here and removed to England. His neighbor Packer afterward visited him at his estate in Devonshire and was royally entertained.

Turning again, we find the present Groton town hall where the deeds and records are kept, and where you will go for help, if you want to look up your ancestors. The first house, west of the store, on the left, is noted as being the birthplace of a Rhode Island governor, James Y. Smith. He and his older brother, Amos Denison Smith, at the ages of 17 and 21, respectively, went to Providence and entered the employ of James Aborn, then the greatest lumber dealer in the state of Rhode Island. Afterward they both became interested in the manufacture of cotton goods. James Y. was mayor of the city for two years, and later was for three years governor of the state. This house was also the early home of the late George Harris, paymaster in the United States Navy and president of the Groton Centennial Commission.

Gliding through the village of Poquonnock, you see a large double house, on the right, before you cross the bridge. This was built in 1792 (as a stone in the chimney shows) by Denison Smith, and here for more than sixty years he and his good wife kept open house. It is said of him "that he never wanted for any comfort, nor did anyone else if he could help it." He kept a store nearby forty years and did a thriving business in the manufacture of linen cloth, putting out flax to families all over the county and taking the cloth to New York, where he exchanged it for goods for his store. In the war of

1812 the British soldiers who were captured off Groton Long Point were kept in the cellar of this house overnight. It is owned (1907) by the Groton Water Company.

Next to this is School House Lane, where stands the old school house, one of, if not the oldest, in Groton. (It has been replaced by a fine brick structure.) Here, besides teaching the children, dancing schools used to be held. Down the hill and over the bridge you come to the Baptist Church reminding one of a country Sabbath day, where

The fragrant breezes whisper rest,
The Sunday faces glow
With some still brightness from within
The week days never know.
The Sunday step is light as air
The Sunday joy is everywhere.

On the right you will glance up a short lane and see the old Morgan homestead. This is the third house built on nearly the same spot, where James Morgan I built his in 1657 on land granted him by the colony. For nine generations in succession each is headed by a James Morgan. The first house stood a little to the northwest, under the ledges. The present one was built by James the sixth about 1785. (It is now, 1907, owned by the Borough of Groton.) A short distance from here is the great brook from whence comes the Groton water supply. The graveyard, whose low, white, and old slate stones glimmer in the distance, is the original Morgan and Avery burying ground. There were laid many of the early generations of these families, among them the first James, who was a man of sterling worth, useful as a citizen both in town and colony. Passing another Morgan homestead at the left, almost hidden behind tall trees, and moving swiftly on, we come to the old Hammond House with its cumbrous old stone chimney and its grey roof sloping down, from whose records, I am sure, many a humorous and thrilling story could be obtained.

Just ahead a granite shaft 23 feet high rises to view, marking

the site of the Old Hive of the Averys, which was burned July 20, 1894. This place is sacred to thousands of descendants of Capt. James Avery, only son of Christopher, who was born in England in 1620 and became one of the most prominent men in eastern Connecticut. He built the old red house here in 1656, at the head of Poquonnock Plains; later an addition was made to it, of a part of the Old Blinman Church of New London which was used by the Separatists for their meetings. The sills were so broad that they used them for seats. A large sounding board was in this room, under which Elder Park Avery stood when preaching on Sunday mornings. It was a most picturesque and antique farm house, and remained in possession of the Averys until it was burned. The foundation of the memorial shaft is made of the two old stone chimneys, the die and shaft of Westerly granite, and the plate with picture of the old house is a bronze relief. At the top is a large bronze bust of James Avery the first. Within the enclosure you will see the old well and sweep.

Now moving slowly under the railroad bridge, running a quarter of a mile south, we come to Trail's Corners, near which is the old gambrel roofed house where Elder Park Avery used to live, whose three sons were in the battle of Groton Heights. Jasper Avery, who lived here, near High Rock, hearing the alarm guns, rushed off through Dark Hollow to the fort, and was brought home dead on the shoulders of his neighbors the next morning. His brother, Lieut. Ebenezer Avery, was seriously wounded but recovered with loss of hearing. The other brother, Lieut. Park Avery, Jr., lost an eye. Now to Dark Hollow, where a new house stands on the very spot where Deacon Austen Avery once lived. At the time of the battle the British, on their way from their boats to the fort, stopped here and filled their pockets with cheese.

Before you go much further, glance off to the right, and among the trees catch a glimpse of a tall white shaft in the Ledyard cemetery, near Packer's Rock, so-called from the high ledge upon its

border. Here in 1854, the state erected a beautiful granite shaft to the memory of Col. William Ledyard. It is enclosed with an iron railing, supported by posts cast in the form of cannon. Within this enclosure is the old blue slate slab which originally marked his grave. (Now it is nearly destroyed by the relic hunter, who should rather preserve than tear down.)

Here comes the view of Fort Trumbull on the New London shore, and now the River Thames stretches away one glorious blue, north and south. What a sight! Beautiful beyond description. To be seen at its best, come when the college men are here racing their sculls over the course. See the yachts with colors flying; all manner of boats, with bright streamers and flags floating in the wind; hear the Yale and Harvard yells, and see the thousands of gaily dressed men and maidens who are everywhere present to lend excitement and beauty to this gala day.

During the war of 1812 New London harbor experienced the first attempt at torpedo practice by a daring Yankee from Poque-tanoc. The *Ramillies*, the largest of the English fleet under Sir Thomas Hardy, was here, when one very dark night a terrific explosion occurred near the ship. The water was thrown as high as the masthead and completely deluged the ship from stem to stern. All hands were piped to quarters, and the liveliest kind of a time was had; but no cause for the explosion could be found. Every fifteen minutes all night they were compelled to be on the lookout by drawing a chain under the ship, fore and aft. Our unknown but daring Yankee friend, after leaving the shore near the lighthouse, was never seen again, and all trace of this event was lost until related by an Englishman who came in to New London in 1854.

Your eye could not well overlook at the left the reminders of Groton's shipbuilding industry of a few years ago, when two great leviathans, the *Minnesota* and *Dakota* were let down into the deep, one of which was to have within a short time an abrupt ending to its usefulness.

Here, just as you turn, is the house of Capt. William Latham, the captain of artillery commanding Fort Griswold on the Groton side in 1781. The house was being built at the time of the massacre, and was set on fire by the British. The timbers, being green, would not burn. The old home was just north of the present one, the old cellar being there now. At the foot of the hill, after passing the house, is the fountain to the memory of Capt. Latham. It was built through the efforts of the Children of the American Revolution, materially helped by one whom Groton is glad to have within her borders for at least one part of the year. It stands as a fitting memorial to an able citizen.

We would not forget Sambo, who lived with the Lathams, and who, after driving the family in safety to Poquonoc Plains the morning of the battle, returned with a musket and followed young William Latham into the fort and fought manfully by the side of his master. Even after he had been severely wounded in one of his hands, he loaded and discharged his musket with great rapidity until he was slain. He is buried under the common negro name of "Sambo."

Here we are at steep Fort Street or Government Lane, where, on that fateful September 6, 1781, about thirty of the wounded and suffering heroes were taken by the English as prisoners of war and were flung into an ammunition wagon. They were dragged for a short distance, and left to go crashing down this steep hill, either to be dashed against the rocks and stones or to go into the river, which undoubtedly would have happened had not an apple tree proved a friendly obstacle. Here after remaining in the greatest suffering for some time, they were taken into the house of one of their number, which was near. They were attended by Dr. Joshua Downer and his son Avery, who had come from Preston that morning on seeing the smoke of burning New London. This house is still standing just here at your right, marked with its historic placard by the Society of Children of the American Revolution of Groton, as the

Ensign Ebenezer Avery House, who lived here at the time. The bloodstains are still visible on its oaken floor, as he would not allow them to be washed out in his day, which ended January 11, 1828.

Next is the new post office, and soon we come to the ferry, where, as early as 1720, a grant of land was made by the town near this present landing for the building of ships. A man by the name of Jeffreys at that time built here a large ship, as large for her day as the large steamers recently constructed here in Groton. Now the water brings us to the limit of the town, which was incorporated by an act of the General Assembly in 1705 as Groton, named in honor of the home of the Winthrops, which was in Groton, England.

You have already looked up and caught a view of the grand and imposing monument, 135 feet high, which stands on the hill, and at the right, near the old fort, where on September 6, 1781, eight hundred British against one hundred and fifty-five Americans spread desolation and havoc throughout this region. The obelisk is of native granite, and the top is reached by a circular stairway of 166 steps. When you are up 265 feet above the water of the Thames a wonderful picture of beauty meets the eye. Especially is there a good view of the fort, where at the left of the entrance, enclosed by an iron fence, is a granite slab, marking the spot where Col. William Ledyard fell when he surrendered as the able commander of this fort. His last words before going to the fort that morning will flash upon your mind: "If I have this day to lose either life or honor, you who know me best know which it will be." If you have time you will visit this historic spot, and also the Public Library which stands near. Then we will enter the stone monument house, where the Daughters of the American Revolution, under the name of one of Groton's brave women of Revolutionary fame, Anna Warner Bailey, have taken possession and recently added much space for the relics which have come into their keeping, and when you see how well they are cared for, we expect more will deposit their treasures here.

Walk along the street, view the new church which has an historic Avery window, for there were twenty Averys who were wounded and fell at the battle, and then come down the hill and take the trolley again to Westerly, thinking why are we blessed with so much beauty and scenery and historical interest along this route, unless it is that we may love and praise more devoutly the Great Architect of all.

(April 29, 1907.)

Life's Journey

When first my chariot stopped for me,
'Twas at a hamlet by the sea,
And so my first vague thoughts of life
Were far from discord, fear, and strife.

My charioteer most willing stayed
The wheels, till I some plans had made,
And childhood's dim, uncertain way
Began to shine in full-orbed day.

And so when will, some stronger grown,
Had thought to move the wheels alone,
My guide appeared, against my will,
And safely took me o'er each hill.

The plains next seemed as safe for me
To guide my chariot, for I see
No danger in the broad highway,
To menace me by night or day.

And though my guide may near me stand
I take the rein with eager hand,
And thought to let my own, sweet will
Direct my way, my plans fulfill.

So for a little, all seemed well,
Till I forgot my guide to tell
His help was needed on the way,
In which I went from day to day.

But soon the path, which seemed so plain,
Became to me a narrow lane,
Where hedged up ways and ditches deep
My way among, I scarce could keep.

Yet pushing, struggling, on I went,
Till all my strength was nearly spent,
Before I thought to ask my guide
To take the rein close at my side.

If this much care He would bestow,
I'd tell Him where I wished to go,
And let Him help me some each day,
Lest I again should lose my way.

But e'en this much did not avail,
For foes would often me assail,
And paths that first seemed clear to me,
Were those, I found, I soon must flee.

And though I tried to do my best,
Still I was filled with vague unrest,
And thought my chariot wheels moved slow,
And wished that I might swifter go.

But, oh, my guide was good to me,
We journeyed on till I could see
The only way in which to rest
Was to believe that He knew best.

And so to Him I gave control,
Till I should reach my destined goal,
And rested in that safe retreat,
Upon my chariot's armored seat.

Where from its depths I cannot see
The perils in the road to me.
But well I know, my guide's clear eye
Will take my chariot safely by.

Each jagged stone of cliff and rock,
Without for me too rude a shock
While taking care that every day,
I make sure progress on my way.

So I perceive and why not *all*,
Who journey here, this thought recall,
Just to go on from day to day,
His hand to guide, *His will* obey.

G. D. W.

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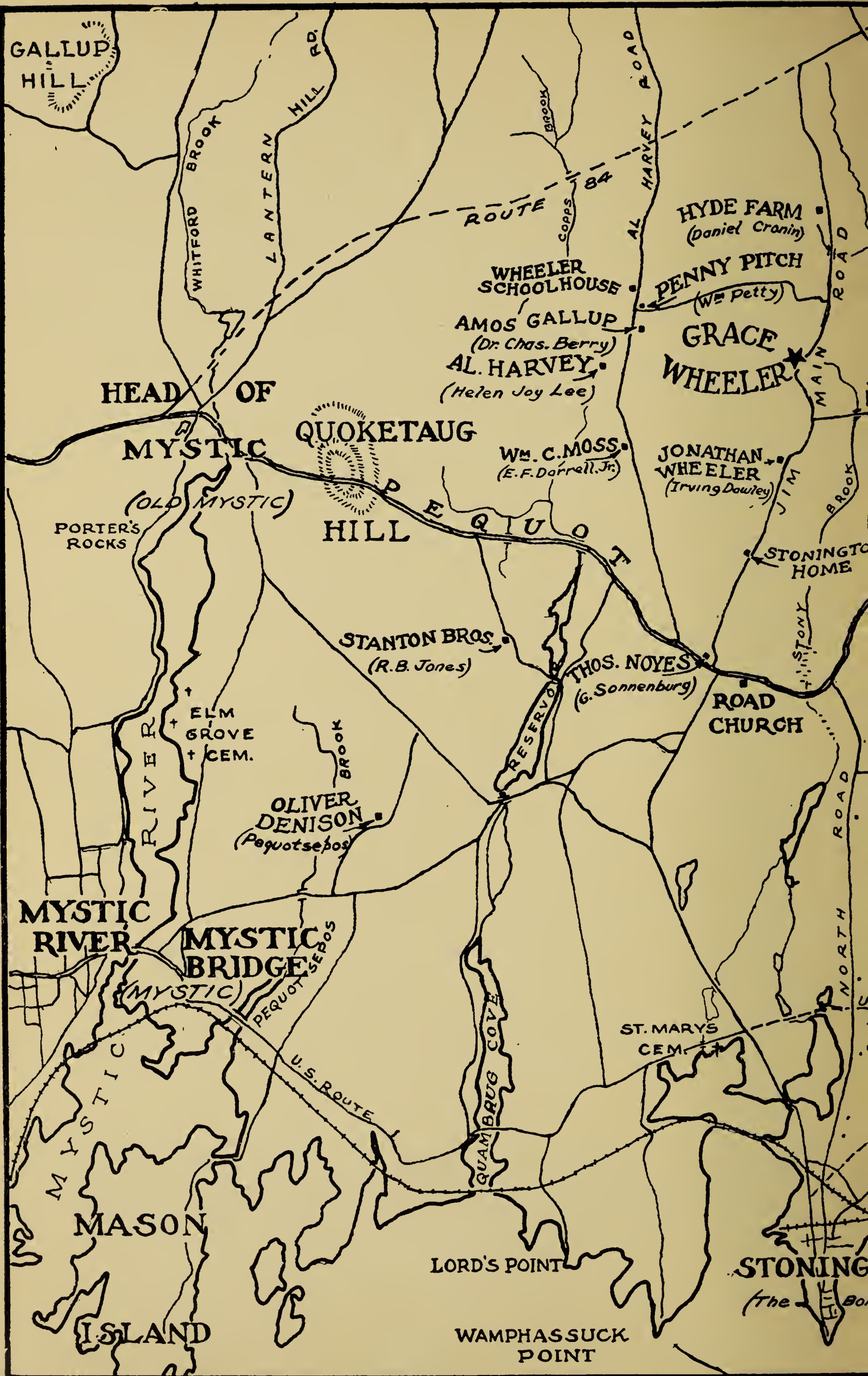
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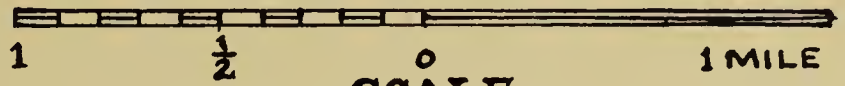
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